

The Sketch

No. 709.—Vol. LV.

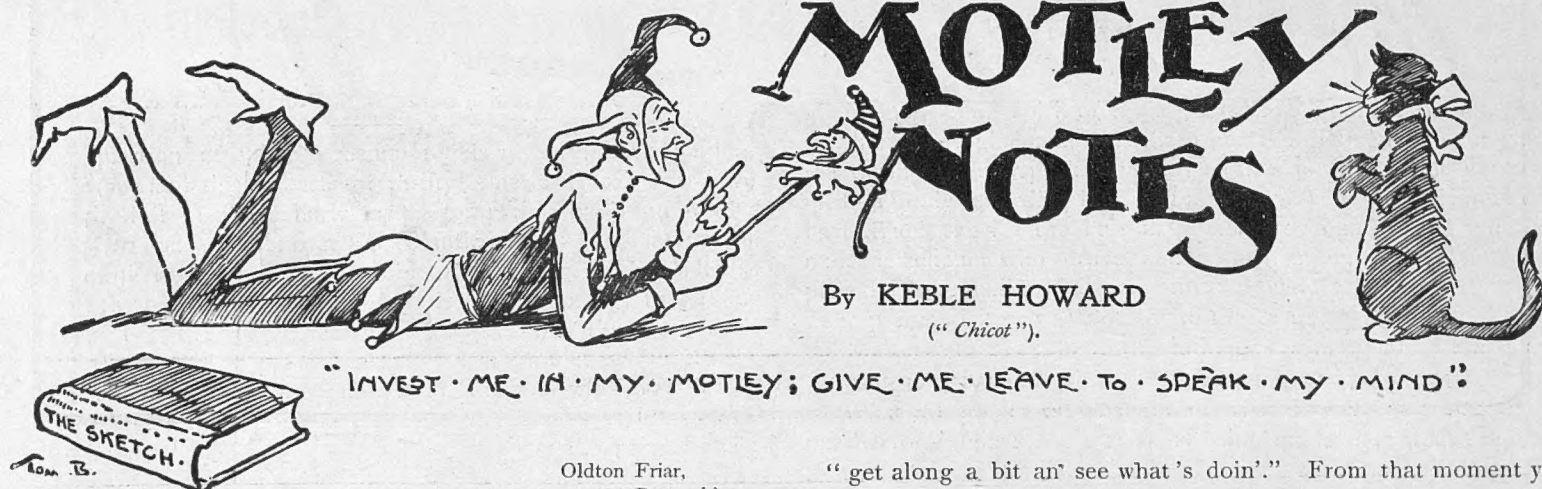
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1906

SIXPENCE.



HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS! MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD AND HER FIANCÉ, THE HON. LYNDHURST BRUCE, ELDEST SON OF LORD ABERDARE.

We have pleasure in announcing the engagement of Miss Camille Clifford, the young actress famous for her impersonation of the Gibson Girl, and the Hon. Henry Lyndhurst Bruce. Mr. Bruce is the eldest son of the second Baron Aberdare, was born on May 25th, 1881, and is a Lieutenant in the 3rd Battalion Hampshire Regiment. The wedding will take place early in October.—[Photograph by Bassano.]



The Simple Apple-Seiler.

Oldton Friar lies at the foot of Dartmoor. It is a quiet, sleepy little town, and everybody goes to bed early. "You won't want to sit up later than half-past ten, I suppose, Sir?" my landlady observed on the evening of my arrival. "Yes," I replied promptly. "Oh," she said, "then I'll give you a candle, because we turn off the gas at the meter at half-past ten." "Why?" I asked. "Well, you see, Sir, we don't like to go to bed feeling that there's any gas in the house. No, Sir." "Oh, you'll soon get over that," I assured her. And she did. She got over it the same evening. But the little incident serves to show how primitive and unsophisticated we are at Oldton Friar. Yesterday morning I went out to buy some apples. The old lady who keeps the shop explained that she sold them at twopence apiece, or six for elevenpence. I said I would buy six, and proceeded to select them. "Oh, no," she explained, coming forward with an excited waddle and wiping her hands on her apron as she came, "you don't pick out all the big 'uns, my dear." "In London, my country," I protested, "we always pick out the big ones." The old lady looked puzzled. "That's as may be," she said at last, "but we can't do business that way at Oldton. Put them back, my dear." In the end, I went away with two of medium size and four small ones. Delightful.

"All Along, Out Along, Down Along Lay!"

I was persuaded to take a ride on a coach over Dartmoor. I had always thought of Dartmoor as a bleak, cheerless stretch of downs, crowned with a convict station. It is nothing of the sort, of course. We drove from ten o'clock in the morning until half-past five in the evening without once catching a glimpse of the convict station. The eye swept over wide valleys, rolling hills purple with heather, green, swaying woods, and tiny rivulets that laughed as they ran beneath the sun. Presently we passed a signpost that read: TO WIDECOMBE. "Is that the place," I asked, "where they have the fair?" "That be ut," said the driver. "D'you know the song?" "Uncle Tom Cobley? I should say so." "Go ahead then." And without more ado he sang—

*"Tam Pierce, Tam Pierce, lend me they grey mare:
All along, out along, down along lay!"*

For I wants fur to go to Widdicombe Vair,

*Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stour, P'eer Gurney, P'eer Winnul, 'Arry 'Ock,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all!"*

An old lady sitting on the next seat touched me on the arm. "Would you ask the driver not to sing doing down hill?" she said.

The Local Idol.

Haytor Rock, for some reason that I failed to fathom, is a rock of great importance. It stands on a high hill, and, since the driver seemed to expect it, we all climbed down from the coach and climbed up the hill. The Rock itself is extremely slippery. You go up it on your hands and knees and come down it in a sitting position. From the very summit you can see exactly the same view that you saw before making the ascent. We returned to the coach very hot, rather cross, our trousers impaired, and our hands bleeding. The driver flung out his long whip, stunned, without killing it, a fly on the left ear of the off-side leader, and we were off again. We had done Haytor Rock. As a matter of fact, nobody is allowed to leave Oldton Friar until he has been through this ordeal. "Been to Haytor Rock?" they ask you when you get into conversation with the natives in the bar-parlour of the World Hotel. "Not? Oh, but you must do Haytor Rock! It's fine, is Haytor Rock." If you say "Yes," they nod, click their tongues, glance up the street, glance down the street, drink up, ease their hats a little, whistle to the dog, tip a wink at the barmaid, and

"get along a bit an' see what's doin'." From that moment you are an accepted member of the community.

The Old Lady and the Drake.

We were to stay for tea at Becky Falls. A schoolgirl on the musical box asked the driver what we should get for tea. "Everything that you get in a confectioner's shop," said the driver proudly. "Except cream," he added thoughtfully. You don't get cream, of course, in Devonshire. For the rest, the driver's boast was not altogether idle. Ernest, the guard, sprang down, whipped out baskets, laid the long table, and cut the bread-and-butter. Ernest made a better waiter than a guard. He could cut bread-and-butter like an angel—at any rate, the schoolgirl said so—but he could not, for the life of him, extract any recognisable sound from the coach-horn. I ought to explain, by the way, that very little of the bread-and-butter or cake was eaten by the coaching party. At Becky Falls there is a flock of vultures—do you say a "flock" of vultures?—in the outward shape of ducks and hens. These terrible creatures have been brought up to look upon Ernest's cake and bread-and-butter as their inalienable right, and they snatch the pieces from your hand as coolly and quickly as a fish catches flies. One dear old lady, who had decided that it would be romantic to sit at the foot of a tree instead of at the table, was nearly killed by a lordly young drake who became annoyed with her for holding a piece of bread-and-butter above her head. Her screams, luckily, brought Ernest to the rescue.

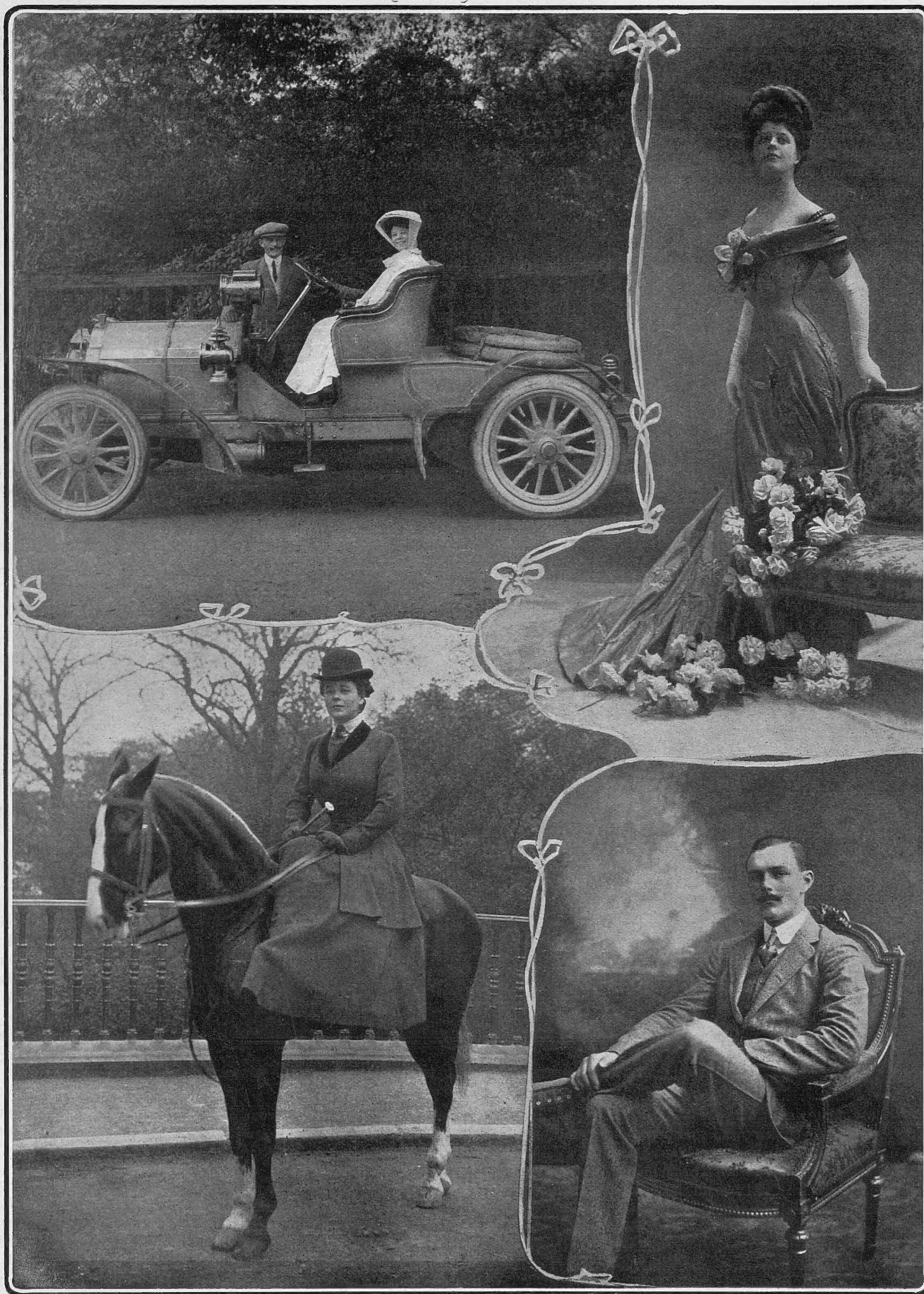
The Bar-Parlour of the "World."

I am told there is a theatre in Oldton Friar, but I have taken great care to avoid it. I find it more interesting, in the evening, to stroll as far as the bar-parlour of the World Hotel. Here the representative men of the place assemble to criticise each other and their neighbours, and solace themselves for the trials, or reward themselves for the triumphs, of the day. One finds the solicitor—a tall, thin, grey-bearded man in a Homburg hat. One finds the horse-breeder—a red-faced, shrewd, laughing man, with bad teeth and eyes drawn together at the corners. One finds the son of the auctioneer—a young, rather pale-faced fellow, in a flannel suit. He is smart, in a manner of speaking, and I gather that he scurries about the country on a motor-bicycle. One finds the leading farmer—a well-set-up man, solidly dressed, who wears a black bowler instead of the usual cap, and comes in rather later than the others. They call him "Squire," and he sits on a high stool in the middle of the room. The other men approach him in turn and hold long whispered conversations. One finds the local drunkard—a fat, untidy, purple-faced man, who is allowed to say just what he likes and greet each newcomer with an insolent stare. A few small tradesmen complete the party.

The Gossips.

The talk is of two kinds—public and private. The public talk is all of sport. Somebody saw a "vine cock-veasant" as he was coming along the road. Where did he see it? Oh, just down there by George Zealley's old barn. Ran along, 'e did, like a good 'un. That sort of stuff, of course, deceives nobody. Each man is really trying to make out what the horse-breeder has to say to the "Squire" all this time. He does not look at the couple, but he catches a word now and again and stores it away in his memory. When he gets home along, maybe, his old missis will be able to solve the problem. . . . The solicitor, they notice, is not looking so young as he used to. When he goes out of the parlour, it appears that there has been some talk of his selling the business to a young feller from Torquay. Some of them can remember the solicitor as a grown man when they themselves were little boys. Ah, and that last 'tack of influenza didn't do 'im no good. The solicitor, in short, is a booked man. Well, drink up and 'ave another one and then—

THE ENGAGEMENT OF MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD.



MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD AND HER FIANCÉ, THE HON. LYNDHURST BRUCE,
ELDEST SON OF LORD ABERDARE.

Photographs by Bassano.

THE CLUBMAN.

Tips—The Custom of Tips in America—A Waiter's Revenge—Country House Tips—A Result of the Tip-Box—Tips in France and Austria.

THE question of "tips" recurs regularly with each autumn season, and the protests of thrifty Americans seem to have revived it in a peculiarly acute form this back-end of the summer. Our cousins from over the Atlantic always laugh at us for our habit of distributing silver and gold to servants and dependents, and one of the best tales, which no American ever forgets to tell an Englishman, is of the ragged fellow who approached the New York financier when, having pressed a half-crown into every protruded hand, that worthy magnate was safely inside the four-wheeler and the door was closed. "Please sir, I saw ye get into the cab," was the ragged one's plea for reward, and he got his half-crown like the rest.

Different countries, different customs. Americans understand tipping in their country; we understand it in ours. We have no servant so rapacious as the negro waiter of America. The first time I went to Chicago I did not know that the waiters in the hotel dining-room expected a "quarter" to be given them at each meal. I had asked that my table should be reserved for me at every meal, which was looked upon as a good joke, and my intention was to reward suitably the waiter who attended me when my stay came to an end. It was not the custom of the country, and I paid for it. I ordered a pint of old burgundy to drink with my dinner. The coloured gentleman who had not been tipped got the wine from the cellar and then, before a delighted audience of his fellow-waiters, shook it thoroughly before putting it on my table. I complained to the manager, who shrugged his shoulders and advised me to put a "quarter" by my plate at each meal. My experience of the independent American citizen who renders one any service is that he does not expect and would not accept a tip, but that he, as an equivalent, asserts his equality to an extent which renders it superiority. I would far sooner give a shilling to a white-whiskered, gentle-mannered old English waiter, and be thanked courteously for having done so, than have my food slammed down before me by a citizen of the great Republic, who would probably draw his gun on me if I offered him a reward.

In Europe the wages of hotel and restaurant employés are calculated with a view to the tips they are likely to get, and in any big country house the question of tips comes indirectly into the engagement of servants, for the footmen who valet the bachelor guests in a house which is always full of visitors probably make more by their tips than they do by their wages. Footmen do not stay long in a house of niggard hospitality.

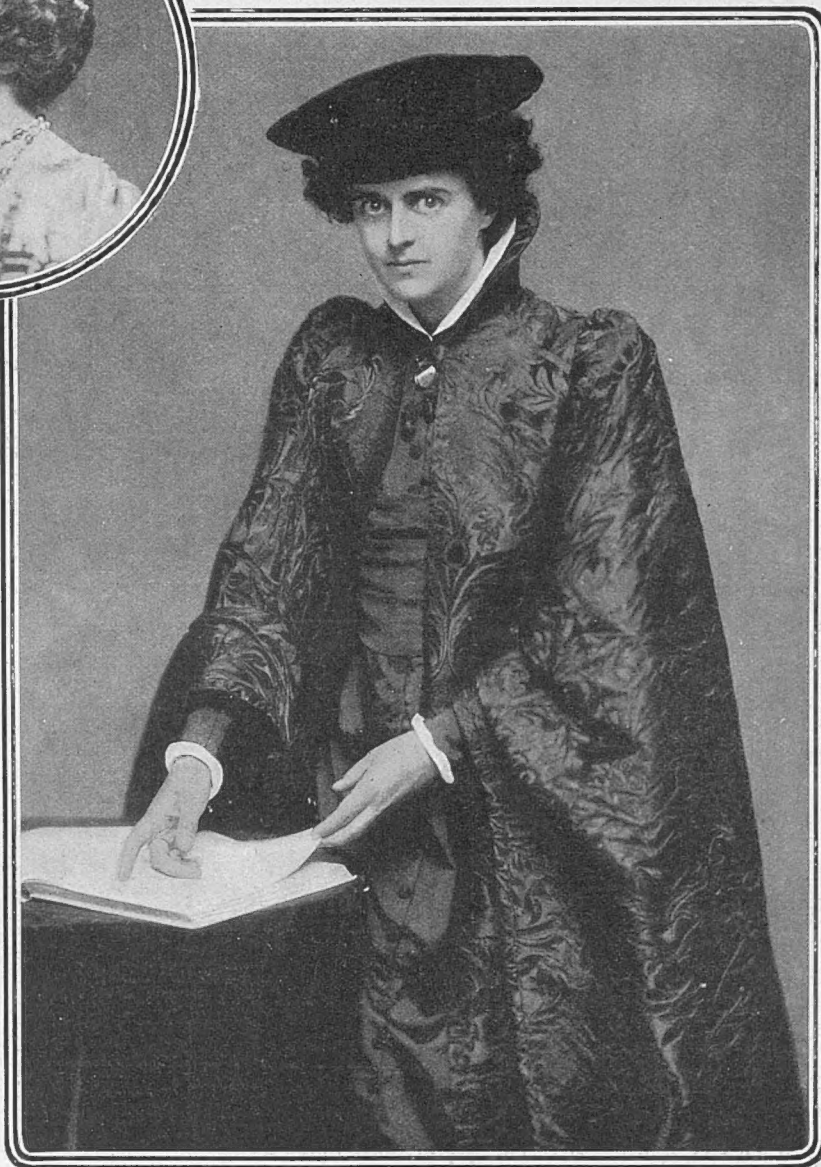
Kindly hosts who do not wish the guests within their gates to pay for hospitality have tried half-a-dozen methods of stopping direct tips. I have visited at one house where the host gave all his servants high wages on condition that they accepted no tips, and asked his guests to give none. The spirit of tipping is so much part of the atmosphere in which an Englishman lives that when the footman who had valetted me during my stay packed up my clothes for me, I felt unutterably mean in only rewarding him with a "Thank you," and I should dearly have liked to slip the customary half-crown into the hand of the under-coachman who drove me to the station. The box for tips placed in the hall which some hosts thought would be a blessing to their poorer visitors was nothing of the kind; the spendthrift paupers put their sovereigns into it, the millionaires dropped in half-crowns.

What all good Americans who visit Europe and what a great number of Englishmen require is some guide as to what to give and to whom to give it. The shoals of American trippers doing Europe on the cheap take a pride in cutting down expenses to the uttermost, and reward a bowing waiter or an hotel porter who is loth to leave the omnibus-door with a "good hard look"; but the American gentleman with money to spend who finds himself for the first time in an English country-house or an English hotel wishes to give tips to those persons who, by the custom of the land, are entitled to them, but does not know who those persons are and what amount will be a generous gift.

Not half the Englishmen who visit at country houses know whether the butler expects a tip or whether he does not, and the sum which is generous to give a footman who has valetted a bachelor during a week-end is often a subject of quiet discourse between guests in the smoking-room. I have my own scale of tips, which is a modest one, but as the servants in a country house I revisit always make me feel that they are glad to see me—in itself a luxury—I think that it must be a sufficient one; and a habit I have of feeling waiters at restaurants liberally has brought its reward all over Europe. I have gone into restaurants in Vienna, in Rome, in St. Petersburg, and have been recognised as a not ungenerous patron by

some wandering waiter from London, whose whispered words to the *maitre d'hôtel* have secured me a good table and as careful attention as I get in a Strand or Pall Mall restaurant.

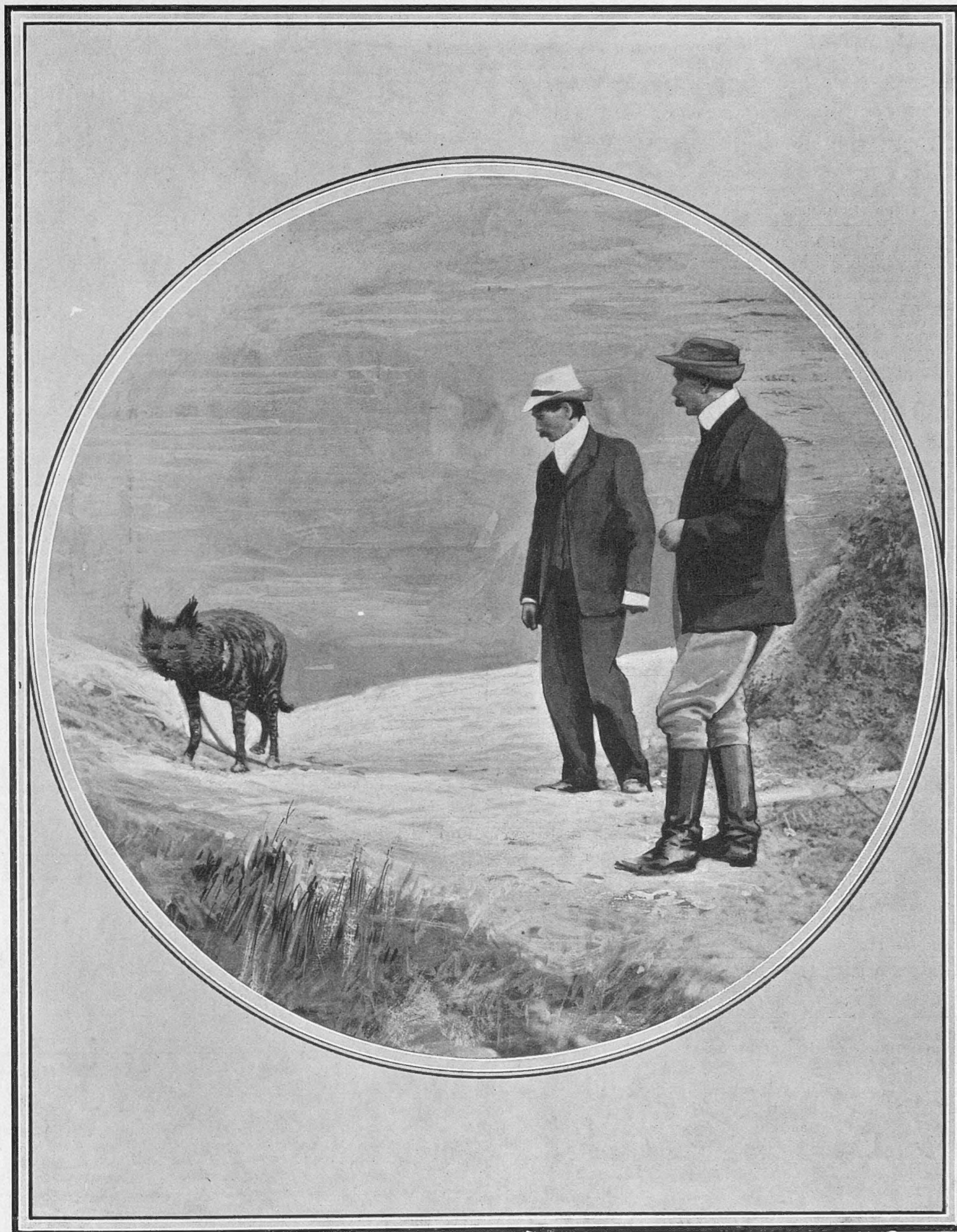
France is a country of many tips, but of small ones. I watched last week the departure of a rich and liberal Englishman from a French hotel, and during the two minutes before he left three small pages appeared upon the scene, and each got a tip. The following is, I think, a fairly comprehensive list of the people in a French hotel who expect a tip—chambermaid, the waiter who brings early breakfast, the head-waiter, the valet (who is really "boots"), the hall-porter, the night-porter, the chasseur (which is the title the "buttons" adopts), the driver of the hotel omnibus, the hotel-porter at the station. The table-waiter is also always hopeful. If France is a country of tips, Austria is even worse in that respect. The man who issues the tickets in a tramcar expects a small copper coin, and everybody who does anything for anyone looks for a small pecuniary reward for doing his duty.



THE NEW PORTIA: MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

Photographs by Lizzie Caswall-Smith.

THE HYÆNA AS SHERLOCK HOLMES.



SEARCHING FOR THE BODY OF THE ABBÉ DELARUE WITH A HYÆNA AS BLOODHOUND.

At the time of writing, the disappearance of the Abbé Delarue, Vicar of Chatenay, near Versailles, remains a mystery. Popular opinion favours murder, and argues that the missing Abbé must have been killed by tramps while cycling from Chatenay to Paris. Acting on this supposition, many have been searching for the priest's body, in manner more or less bizarre. At present the greatest ingenuity in method has been shown by the *Matin*. That journal, knowing the hyæna's habit of grubbing up corpses, hired one of those animals from Pezon's menagerie, and set it sniffing about the neighbourhood of the supposed crime, in the hope that it would bring the body to light. The experiment failed.—[Photograph by Photo. Nouvelles.]

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE King is pursuing the even tenor of his cure at Marienbad, and as it does not end till about Sept. 6, the Braemar Gathering will miss his Majesty's presence. The Queen, too, will be away still, so that this famous Highland meeting, which was dear to the heart of Queen Victoria, will this year be deprived of some of its interest. Nevertheless, the Prince and Princess of Wales will be there, with their children, who dearly love the

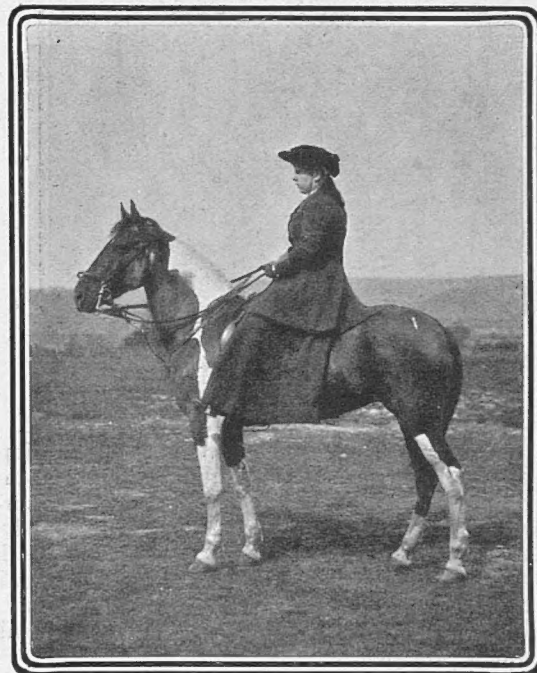
characteristic Scottish sports and dancing. The King has been seeing a good deal of his Prime Minister, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has been honoured by the presence at lunch at Klinger's of both King Edward and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. Lady Campbell-Bannerman, it is interesting to note, is, like the King, in medical charge of Dr. Ott. The rumoured visit of his Majesty to Vienna will not take place, but it seems likely that on his return to England he will pay a visit to the King of Saxony at Dresden.

His Majesty at Marienbad. It is a happy instance of our Sovereign's tact that he should have requested the removal of the notices which the local authorities had thoughtfully put up all over Marienbad, asking people not to crowd or annoy him. Such notices cannot be pleasant sights for the residents of the

place, for it is well known that the objectionable "mobbing" of royalty is the offence neither of the natives nor of the regular visitors, but solely of those "curious impertinents" who would never dream of going near the place if the "Duke of Lancaster" were not there. This sufficiently transparent incognito has the blessed effect of relieving the King from the boredom of many official visits, but it may be doubted whether it renders the task of those who have to guard him any easier. He is attended at Marienbad by two special officers, one of whom hails from Scotland Yard. But of course the Austrian police play an important part in the protection of our "time-honoured Lancaster"; in such a matter as the guarding of crowned heads, the police of all civilised countries become as one body.

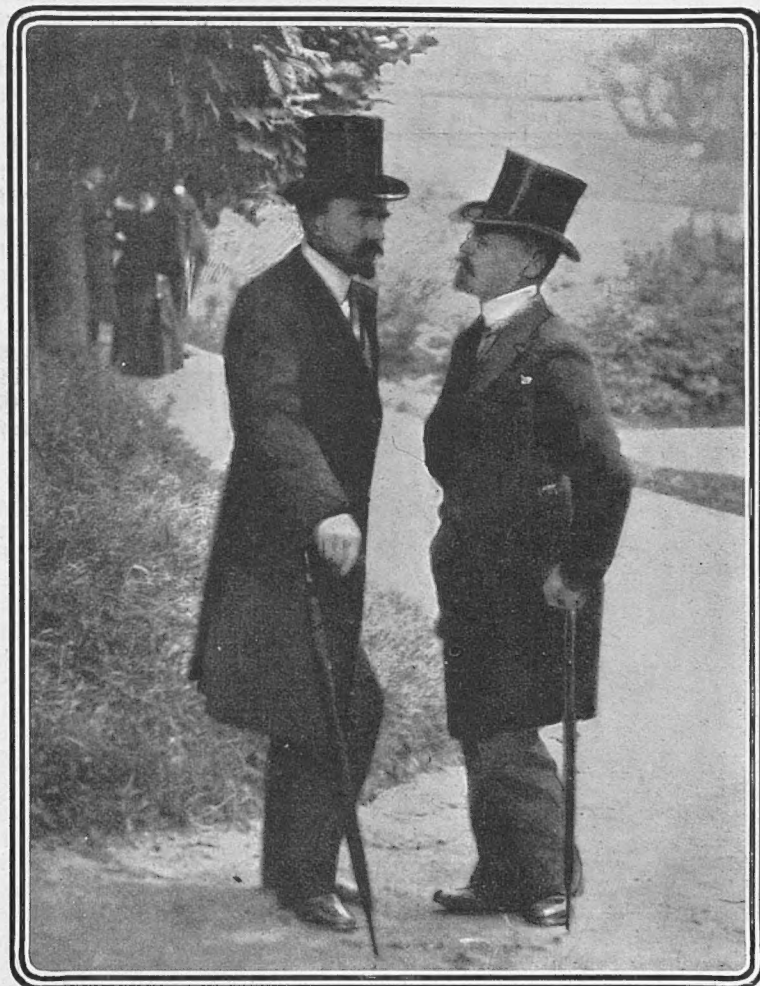
The Queen's Holiday.

Queen Alexandra, who has Princess Victoria with her, has been enjoying a visit to her youngest daughter, Queen Maud of Norway, and the latter's Consort, and her Majesty has been delighted to see how her Norwegian grandson, the little Prince Olaf, is growing daily in beauty and stature. It is significant that before leaving England her Majesty found time to communicate a tenderly sympathetic message to Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Richards, the bereaved parents of Mrs. Craigie. After leaving Norway her Majesty arranged to go on in the *Victoria and Albert* to Denmark, where she and her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, are the joint owners of a beautiful country villa. This is called the Villa Hvidgre, and is quite near Copenhagen and Bernstorff, being magnificently situated above the famous Sound. Here her Majesty has resolved to keep the collection of mementoes and other family possessions which passed to her by special desire of her father, the late King Christian.



YET ANOTHER LADY WHO RIDES ASTRIDE:
MISS OTTOLINE WALKER.

Our portrait of Miss Child has brought the photograph reproduced above. Miss Walker has been a horsewoman since she was four years old, and has ridden astride for the last four years. She frequently rides in the neighbourhood of her home at Ashton-on-the-Mersey, near Manchester, with her friend Miss Gresham, whose portrait we gave recently, and also on the Yorkshire moors. She has ridden astride in the Row.



Superintendent Quinn, Kommisor Scholer.

GUARDIANS OF THE KING AT MARIENBAD: SUPERINTENDENT QUINN, OF SCOTLAND YARD, AND KOMMISSOR SCHOLER, M.V.O., OF THE AUSTRIAN DETECTIVE SERVICE.

Like every other monarch, King Edward is carefully guarded while on his tours abroad, although the precaution is probably far less necessary in his case than in that of any other ruler.—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]

"Just, Subtle, and Mighty Opium."

Those worthy Chinese who are seeking to put an end to opium-smoking in their country have a decidedly up-hill fight to wage. There is the potency, the fatal fascination of the drug itself to reckon with in the first instance, and, a good second, comes the commercial side of the question, a matter of moment nowadays, when success in trade is a nation's first desire. Many onslaughts have been made on "just, subtle, and mighty opium," as De Quincey had it. In 1839 it even caused the unsheathing of the sword by the Flowery Land and ourselves. It was in this wise. As far back as 1796 the Chinese Government deemed it good to forbid the importation of the drug, which since 1793 had been a Government monopoly in India, and to this end it issued proclamations galore. These, however, had little effect, for the local official could not resist the touch of the seductive coin. Then, forty-three years later, the Emperor's advisers decided to enforce the long-winked-at law, and gave evidence of their decision by confiscating and burning all the opium in Canton. The result was a complaint to Great Britain, an assertion of the rights of our traders, a demand for an indemnity, and, finally, an appeal to the God of Battles, who turned his back on the would-be reformers. Since then China has had to admit opium, and India continues to make some nine millions a year out of it.

Lady Jean Cochrane.

One of the loveliest débutantes of 1906 was Lady Jean Cochrane, Lord and Lady Dundonald's second girl, who will be nineteen in November. She was presented at one of the later Courts, but she had had before that a glimpse into the world outside the schoolroom, for last year she was allowed by her parents, at the special request of Princess Henry of Battenberg, to be present at Princess Ena's coming-out ball at Kensington Palace. Lady Jean wore on that occasion an exquisitely simple frock of white and silver, with lilies in her fair hair, and in her childish beauty she was one of the greatest successes of that memorable night. Lady Jean's elder sister is married to the Master of Belhaven, Lord Belhaven and Stenton's only son.



ONE OF THE PRETTIEST DÉBUTANTES OF THE YEAR: LADY JEAN COCHRANE.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

the door of a poor fisherman's hut in Japan. About fourteen inches high, he sits now at one end of the mantelpiece in the Shide study, and Mrs. Milne, the Professor's charming Japanese wife, makes hats for him of warmth suited to the season. Last time we called it was in early spring, and the Buddha was wearing a thick hat of wool; but this week we found him in a little light silk cap exactly suited to the heat wave. In a tiny bowl in front of the Buddha a stick of incense is always kept burning, the faint aroma of which mingles in the room with the far cruder scent of tobacco.

—and "Billy,"
Canine Caddy.

"Billy" is Professor Milne's dog. It would require a local earthquake to make him show the smallest interest in seismology, but on golf he is as keen as his master. The links are Billy's warpath. He is old and fat, but saves from five to ten pounds a year in golf-balls. His master touches all his balls with aniseed, and whenever an unsuspecting caddy puts one in his pocket, Billy's infallible nose speedily locates it. The best drive Professor Milne ever made was in Africa last year. He had gone to see the Victoria Falls, and he then sent a ball right across the expanse of water,

Lady Shaftesbury.

Lady Shaftesbury, who was appointed a Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales last May, and was in attendance on her Royal Highness during the recent Indian tour, is one of Lady Grosvenor's two daughters. She is thus sister of the Duke of Westminster and Lady Beauchamp, and step-daughter of Mr. George Wyndham. Moreover, Lady Shaftesbury is connected by marriage with her Royal mistress, for her aunt, the Duchess of Teck (born Lady Margaret Grosvenor) is the Princess of Wales's sister-in-law. The Duke of Argyll, the King's brother-in-law, stands in a near degree of cousinship to Lady Shaftesbury, whose marriage took place some seven years ago. Lord Shaftesbury is the Princess of Wales's Chamberlain, and a very clever and charming man, with a beautiful singing voice. Lady Shaftesbury, who was known as a girl as Lady "Cuckoo" Grosvenor, was the old Duke of Westminster's favourite granddaughter. She takes a great interest in art and letters, and is a good horsewoman. She possesses a beautiful "pigeon pair" of children—Lord Ashley, who is six, and Lady Mary Sibell, who is four.



A LADY OF THE BEDCHAMBER TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES: LADY SHAFTESBURY.

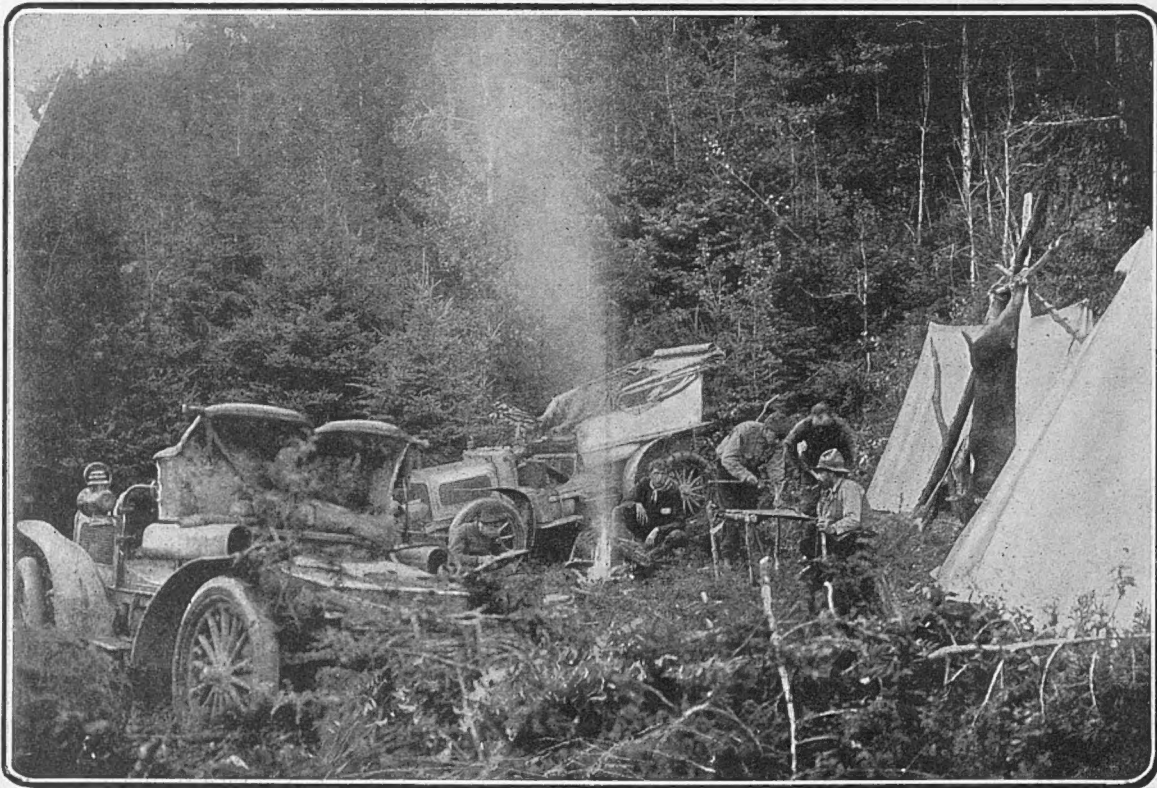
Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

The Longworth Fortune a Result of Anarchy.

of Mr. Longworth, President Roosevelt. According to a book just written by Mr. William Baillie, there is a somewhat romantic history attaching to the fortune who recently married the daughter of Mr. Longworth's grandfather owned some

property near Cincinnati, which he mortgaged to Josiah Warren, who was one of the first to take up Anarchism in America. Warren, when he became imbued with the idea that property was wrong, was eccentric enough to give up the land to the elder Mr. Longworth without requiring the mortgage to be paid off, and so made a gift to his debtor of valuable land, which is now covered with houses and brings in an immense sum. It may therefore be said that the President's son-in-law owes his wealth

to Anarchy, as had not Josiah Warren been bitten with the craze, his heirs would now probably be enjoying the riches of which his foolish action deprived them.



ROUGHING IT IN MOTOR-CARS: A CAMP IN A VIRGIN FOREST.

Our photograph illustrates one of the camps pitched by five American gentlemen who recently took a motor-trip of 546 miles through the virgin forests of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the Northern Canadian lakes. The party, who were on shooting and fishing bent, took three cars with them.—[Photograph by Lazarinck, supplied by Gribaydoff]



Photo. Ames.

MRS. AUREL BATONYI, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO HER RIDING-MASTER CAUSED A SENSATION IN NEW YORK.

recently married Mr. Arthur Burden. Mr. Aurel Batonyi, who is the son of M. and Madame Leopold Batonyi, of Budapest, is a perfect genius in the management of horses. He came to New York from Hungary some ten years ago, and Mrs. Burke Roche was the first American lady whom he taught to drive four-in-hand. Among his pupils, too, was Mrs. Nicholas Longworth.

Princess Salm-Salm. One of the most beautiful and distinguished figures in the great London world is the Princess Salm-Salm, who is actually the King of Spain's first cousin. Both she and the Prince were much in evidence this season, and they gave a number of delightful dinner-parties. Naturally, too, they enjoyed every moment of the Cowes Week, for the Princess is an enthusiastic yachts-woman—indeed, to her belongs the honour of having invented the smart yachting-cap so much in vogue, which is raised at one side by a jaunty little tartan bow. Princess Salm-Salm was born an Austrian Archduchess, being the eldest daughter of the Archduke Frederick, who is the brother of the Queen-Dowager of Spain. Some four years ago she married at Vienna Prince Emmanuel Salm-Salm, a gallant, good-looking young cavalry officer belonging to the senior branch of that ancient family, which, being mediatised, is of rank equal to that of a reigning royal family. They have two beautiful little daughters, Princess Isabelle and Princess Rosemary, both born at Potsdam, for their father holds a commission in the crack Prussian Regiment of Guards.

Does Woman Help? There can be little doubt that Mrs. Ella Rawls Reader, of New York, has more than earned her title of the greatest business woman in the world. Not many members of the fair sex can claim to have the chief interest in a concession reputed to be worth twenty millions. That is the sum Mrs. Reader sees in store for her—if she wins her financial “fight” with President Roosevelt the strenuous. Mrs. Reader confided the details of her claim to the *Express* when she was in this country recently. “I am over here,” she said, “principally to look after the interests of the Cerro de Pasco Mining Company, of which I am chairman. My fight with President Roosevelt over the San Domingo is still going on. Eighteen months ago I consented, at the request of the President of San



Photo. E. Sweetland.

FIND ONCE A WEEK FOR NEARLY FIVE YEARS: MR. JACOB POPP.

Mr. Popp, tobacconist, of High Wycombe, has been fined every week for nearly five years for opening his shop on Sundays. The fines began at fifteen shillings, but are now seven-and-sixpence.

A Love-Match. The unexpected marriage of Mrs. Burke Roche and Mr. Aurel Batonyi, a well-known “whip” and riding-master, recently created the greatest interest in American Society. Mrs. Roche is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Work, and her first husband was the Hon. James Burke Roche, Lord Fermoy's brother. She has twin sons, Maurice and Francis, who are undergraduates at Harvard, and her daughter Cynthia, who was much admired when she came out in New York Society,

Domingo, to act as fiscal agent for the island. I was to obtain concessions in return, and the amount involved was over £20,000,000. At the last moment someone betrayed the scheme, and President Roosevelt stopped it and put forward one of his own. Even the United States Senate defended me against the President. Now I learn that a syndicate is being formed in London, Berlin, and Paris to float the President's scheme.”

Some of Mrs. Reader's Achievements.

That Mrs. Reader is of a “helpful” nature none could deny. It was she who in the space of four years leaped from a humble position as envelope-addresser at a New York newspaper office to the head of the most important reporting agency in the City. That was some eleven years ago. Since then, she has persuaded the House of Lords to sanction the adoption of the Sprague system on the Central London “Tube,” organised a £2,000,000 railway scheme in direct opposition to Mr. Pierpont Morgan, secured—in the teeth of two formidable rivals—a concession for a railway through the Sultan of Johore's dominions, and made a vigorous attempt to corner Peruvian copper. And she is but one-and-thirty. Does woman help, indeed!

Jewish Negroes. America is the land of strange sects, and assuredly one of the oddest is that of the negroes who have adopted the Jewish faith and are known as the Coloured Hebrews. The headquarters of the sect is at Plainfield, and these Coloured Hebrews affirm that they are the only real and genuine descendants of the Chosen People. Basing their claims on the story of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, they assert that the original Jews were black, and that those who are now known as Jews are miserable degenerates. These odd people follow practically all the ordinances of Moses with the utmost scrupulousness, and are led by a new prophet who rejoices in the name of Crowdy.

The Retort Unexpected.

Foreigners generally find the very ample coachman of the Lord Mayor of London the most impressive and magnificent personage in England. How will he impress the French Mayors this week? Nobody ever thought of behaving disrespectfully to him. His lord and master, the Lord Mayor himself—tell it not in Gath!—was once publicly ridiculed; but, luckily, the coachman did not hear of it. The Lord Mayor

had just been to pay his respects to the Lord Chancellor, and invite him and the Judges to dinner. Sir Frank Lockwood, a youngster in his first wig, stood in the hall, and the Lord Mayor, espying him, said, “Ah, my young friend, picking up a little law, I suppose?” Lockwood bowed low as he answered, “I shall be delighted to accept your Lordship's hospitality. I think I heard your Lordship name seven as the hour.” We have the word of Mr. Birrell for it that the Mayor hurried in confusion out of Court, and that even the policeman laughed.



A MOUNTAINEER WHO HAS CLIMBED EVERY HIGH PEAK IN THE ALPS: DR. KARL BLODIG.

Dr. Blodig, the well-known mountaineer of Bregenz, Austria, has ascended every peak in the Alps that is over 4000 metres (13,333 feet) high. He recently completed his record by climbing Mont Brouillard.



HER LADYSHIP TAKES THE AIR: LADY MARY BEATRICE THYNNE RIDING IN THE PARK.

Lady Mary, who was born in 1903, the youngest daughter of the Marquess of Bath, rides in the Park regularly, and is to be seen there on most fine days.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

Two Belgian Baby Boys.

The Royal House of Belgium boasts two bouncing boys who may almost be said to have emerged from babyhood. The elder, Prince Leopold, is nearly five, while his brother, Prince Charles, is on the brink of three. They are the children of Prince Albert, King Leopold's nephew and heir. When little Prince Leopold was christened, even the somewhat stolid Belgians, who do not care much for State functions, were moved, and assembled in their thousands round the church of St. Jacques-sur-Caudenberg. Both Prince Albert and his lovely Bavarian Consort are extremely popular in Belgium. Little Prince Leopold was only a month old when he figured as the hero of a most charming little ceremony. His mother superintends a charitable organisation for children's country holidays, and the mothers of these children presented to her Royal Highness a Brussels lace cushion. During the ceremony, the baby Prince was brought in, and his father laughingly observed that he was already a gallant, for, finding himself in the presence of so many ladies, he resolutely refrained from crying.

And Their Bavarian Cousin.

The Princes Leopold and Charles have a cousin, also named Prince Leopold, who is five and a half, and has a baby brother named Albert, after his Belgian uncle. Their mother, Princess Rupert, is a younger sister of Princess Albert of Belgium, and they belong to the ducal House of Bavaria; but Prince Rupert, of course, is in the line of succession to the Bavarian throne.

The Simple Way.

One of the evils resulting from a cataclysm such as that from which Chile is now suffering arises from the number of dead bodies inevitably left unburied. The shortest letter which has ever appeared in the *Times* is said to have been as follows, called forth by a discussion of the way in which to make burial harmless—"Sir,—Put quicklime in the coffin.—Yours, etc., —" And that is the plan, simple and direct, at which the rescue parties following earthquakes are apt to plunge, unless a funeral pyre be ordered. The living may—must, in some cases—go with the dead. Less than a quarter of a century ago an earthquake engulfed five thousand people at Ischia, Italy. The Minister of Public Works, fearing pestilence, at once issued instructions to cover

the ruins with quicklime. King Humbert, horrified by the order, countermanded it by wire, hurried to the scene, and personally assisted to save alive a great many people who would otherwise have perished as the outcome of the panic-stricken Minister's instructions. But there is a danger from these disasters to the health of the community. When the Yellow River burst its banks nineteen years ago, and, like five Danubies in one, poured from on high for two months on end, millions died. And sound authorities maintain to-day that the terrible epidemics of influenza by which we have since been scourged had their origin in the poisonous organisms given off by that vast host of drowned Celestials.

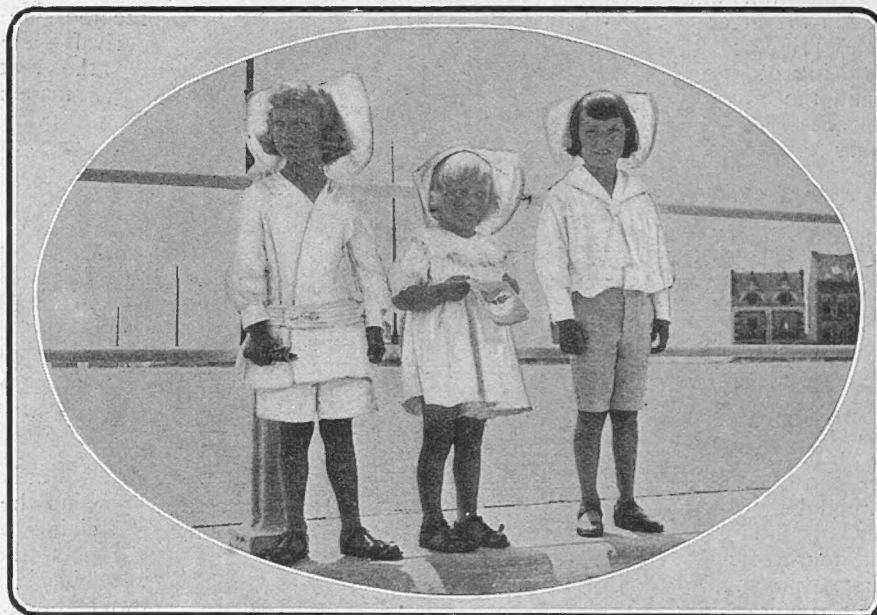
Buried by One Earthquake and Rescued by a Second.

The full story of the sinister wonders wrought by the great earthquake in Chile has still to be told. We do not know as yet the real horror and terror of it all. So far, however, there seems no likelihood of a rival appearing to the phenomenon which for over a century and a half has made the island of Jamaica the wonderland of all who study seismic data. For there a man was buried by one earthquake and rescued by another! The authentic history of the miracle is recorded upon the tombstone of the victim—or hero—"Here lieth the body of Lewis Galdy, Esq., who died on the 22nd day of September, 1737, aged 80. He was born at Montpellier, in France, which place he left for his religion and settled on this island, where, in the great earthquake, 1672, he was swallowed up, and, by the wonderful providence of God, by a second shock, was thrown into the sea, where he continued swimming until he was taken up by a boat and thus miraculously preserved."

It is comforting to know that after this season of the horrific he lived in great reputation and died universally lamented.

The Motorist's Bet.

Two persons, named respectively Vilegodawickramage and Samarawickramalenge are "wanted" by the Ceylon police, but it is understood that gallant little Wales has got several villages the names of which confirm even more clearly the old saw, "Ars longa, vita brevis." It is no use, however, for there is a Greek gentleman in Paris with a name so long that we must reserve it for a special supplement. He is an enthusiastic motorist, and he is in the habit of betting with his friends that he will "mote" a measured mile before they can finish saying his name, and the beggar always wins!



ROYAL BELGIAN BABY BOYS AND THEIR BAVARIAN COUSIN: PRINCES LEOPOLD AND CHARLES OF BELGIUM AND PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BAVARIA.

Photograph supplied by G. C. Mendham.



A FAIR "SCREEVER" AT WORK IN KINGSWAY: LONDON'S LADY PAVEMENT-ARTIST AT HER PITCH.

London's fair pavement-artist has taken up her stand in Kingsway, on the right-hand side of the road coming towards the Strand. Her working hours are from 2 p.m. until 8 p.m.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

"THE IDEAL HAMLET" AS SHYLOCK.



MR. J. FORBES-ROBERTSON IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson, who is regarded by many as the ideal Hamlet, is to produce "The Merchant of Venice" to-morrow (the 30th) at Manchester. As we note on another page, Miss Gertrude Elliott is to be the Portia. In October Mr. and Mrs. Forbes-Robertson will sail for America, where they are to appear in Bernard Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra."

Photographs by Lizzie Caswall Smith.



AFTER DINNER

By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Shooting Records. We are all familiar with the diplomatic shikari's excuse for his master's shooting—that the sahib shot divinely, but Providence was very good to the birds. As ready an explanation would probably be welcome to not a few who try their skill on Saturday with the partridges. Whatever the result in this country, there is no likelihood of Continental records being endangered. Lord Ashburton's 1458 partridges to six guns is still quoted by shooting men, but that pales when compared with the terrific record for the late Baron Hirsch's Hungarian estate, where in nine weeks seven guns bagged only seven hundred short of 50,000 partridges. That record will stand. A less classical one should be that of the marksman on the Solway Firth who, firing an old muzzle-loader into a flock of Bernicle geese, killed no fewer than sixteen birds with one discharge of the piece. A still more numerous bag is reported from New South Wales, where a man got one shot at a great company of rabbits assembled at a drinking-tank. Twenty-seven bunnies fell before the single discharge.

More of Them. A record of a different order is that held by Lieutenant Paul, R.F.A. As a fact, the record is not his so much as his dog's, but he has a distinct share in it. He was resting during an interval in rabbit-shooting, with his hands on the muzzle of his gun. His dog leapt at him, pawing. In so doing, it caught the trigger and discharged the contents of the gun into the left hand of its master. When they had got the Lieutenant to Clonmel, it was found necessary to remove a couple of the fingers shattered by this canine shoot. Such a dog must be as dangerous as a wild-shooting guest who, it is said, unmercifully peppered the legs of his host. Down went the latter and lay still. The head keeper rushed to his side in terror. "My Lord, you're not dead?" cried the honest fellow, in alarm. "Dead; no, you fool! Why should I be dead?" retorted his angry master. "You did not get up, my Lord, so I thought you must be," said the man. "Of course I didn't get up. If I had got up, he might have let me have the other barrel," was the answer, which most of us so well know.

A Miraculous Rescue. The papers have been telling of the wonderful rescue at sea of a Hungarian who had fallen overboard, swum about all night, been picked up by a steamer, carried forward, and restored next day to the liner whence he had fallen. It is a fine story undoubtedly, but not quite so extraordinary as that which Mr. W. T. Douglass, son of the late Sir James Douglass, chief engineer to Trinity House, lives to tell. The fortunate man was superintending the building of a lighthouse when he missed his footing, and pitched headlong from the top of

the tower. At the base of the structure, far below, are the rocks upon which the lighthouse is built, and head-first towards these the engineer fell. But lo, a miracle! Just as he was about to touch ground a large swell broke over the rock, and received him as upon a cushion. He floated gently, unscathed, into the sea, whence men in a boat presently drew him. To finish off the story one must pass on the word of the workmen that the swell which saved Mr. Douglass's life was the only one capable of doing so which broke over those rocks that day.



WEEK-END "GYPSYING" WITH A TRAM-CAR AS A CARAVAN:
A FRIEND PAYS A CALL.

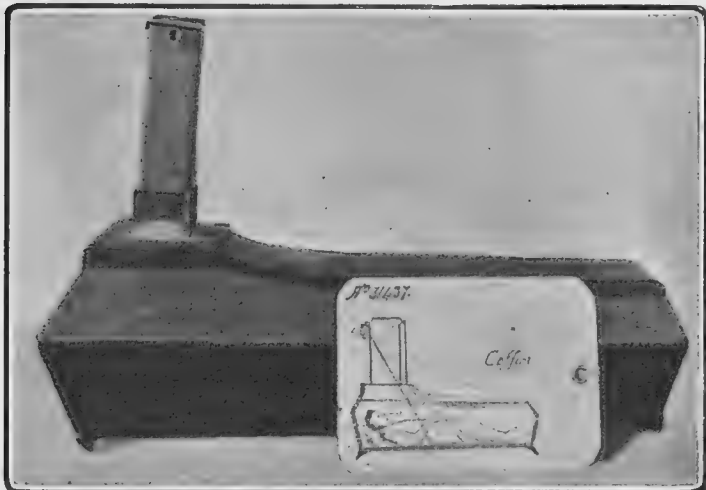


THE TRAM-CAR AS A WEEK-END "COTTAGE": AN EARLY MORNING SCENE.
The tram-car shown in our illustrations is being used in place of a conventional week-end cottage. A little trouble and a greater measure of ingenuity have converted it into a most comfortable dwelling.

Mars at Play. Dancing seems to have become an official part of Navy and Army training. Surely this is following the lead given not long ago by Kaiser William. Every Tommy Atkins or Jack Tar who succeeds in mastering the new social drill will have the gratification of knowing—if this note catch his eye—that he succeeds where the great Napoleon failed. The Queen of Naples, as well as Pauline and Hortense, did her level best to teach him to dance, preparatory to his marriage with Marie Louise, but their united efforts were vain. He could conquer Kings and Emperors, but the waltz was too much for the Man of Destiny. The day has been in our own land when the proposition that the Navy should dance would have whitened the hair of the King. In the reign of Henry VII. a statute was passed solely to deal with the "minishing and decay that hath been now of late time of the Navy within this realm of England, and idleness of the mariners within the same; by the which this noble realm, within short space of time, without reformation be had therein, shall not be of ability and power to defend itself." Had the mariners of England taken to dancing in those days instead of to more severe drill?

The Giddy Chancellor. The desire of the German Emperor that his mighty men of arms and of affairs should dance is very different from the attitude of his grandfather upon the same subject. Bismarck, after his accession to power, would consent, when called upon by ladies of his acquaintance or by Princesses, to tread a measure, greatly to the disgust of his royal master. "I am reproached," said the latter one day, "with having selected a frivolous Minister. You should not confirm that impression by dancing." Thereafter the Emperor forbade the Princesses to choose his Chancellor as a partner. A statesman, he declared, might now and then trip it gravely in the formal quadrilles of Princes; but in the whirling waltz he lost all credit, in imperial eyes, for wisdom in council. And Bismarck has left it on record that the proficiency of Herr von Kendell as a dancer was a serious barrier in his profession when his turn for promotion arrived.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



A COFFIN FOR THOSE WHO FEAR TO BE BURIED ALIVE.

The recent will which decreed that the testator's heart should be pierced before he was buried makes interesting the model of a coffin depicted above. This is so constructed that should anyone be buried alive in it and revive, he can breathe through the tube shown, the top of which is, of course, above ground, and at the same time call attention to his plight by ringing a bell.

By courtesy of the "Scientific American."



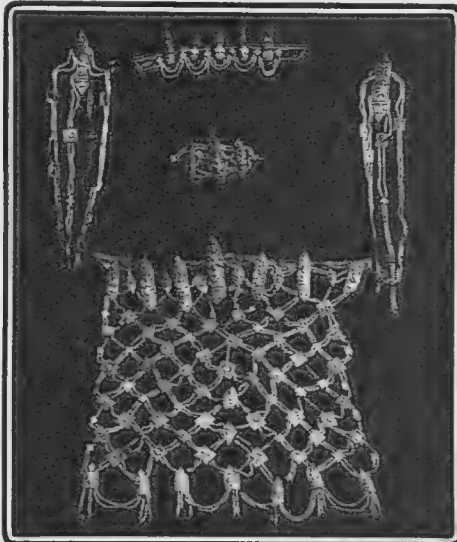
A SHIP AS A DWELLING-PLACE FOR GERMAN OFFICIALS.

The old corvette "Leipzig," which is stationed at the military port Wilhelmshaven, Prussia, has been turned into a dwelling-place for officials. Old railway-carriages and old tramcars have, of course, been used as houses on many occasions, but the instance illustrated is probably the only one of an old ship so used. The vessel is to remain afloat.



THE ASHES OF A GRAND LAMA MADE INTO AN IMAGE OF BUDDHA.

This image is of great rarity, and collectors have been attempting to obtain one similar to it for over twenty years without success. The curio, together with the ones shown in the next photograph and many others, was recently sold at Mr. J. C. Stevens's famous auction-rooms.



A CURIOUS USE FOR THE BONES OF DEAD LAMAS.

Our photograph shows an apron, two armlets, two side pieces, and a crown, made of the bones of dead lamas, and wonderfully carved with images of Buddha. It is the only complete costume of human bones ever found, and it was worn at Devil Dancing by the Abbot of the great monastery of Tibet.



A CLOCK MADE OF VARIOUS KINDS OF SLATING.

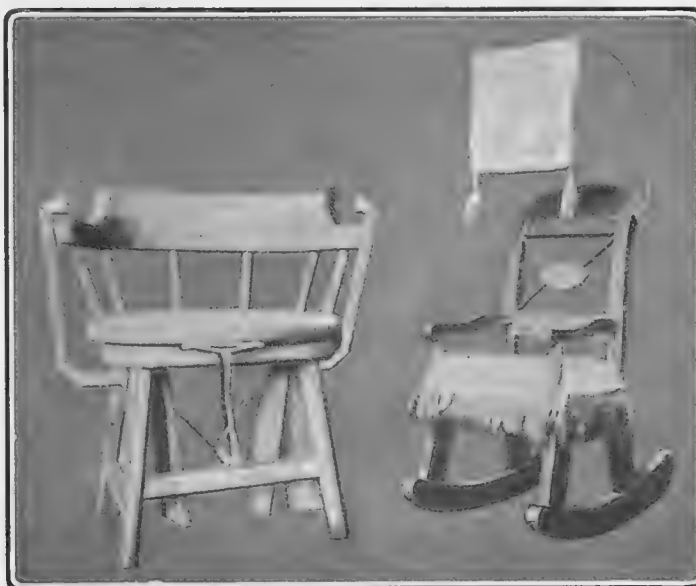
It took Mr. H. O. Pritchard the spare time of eight months to design and build this clock. It is made of 170 pieces of slate of various kinds, fastened together with screws. It is 4 feet high and 2 feet wide at the base, and at night 93-candle power electric lights illuminate it.

Photograph supplied by W. A. M. Stephen.



AN AMERICAN FLAG THAT WEIGHS 450 LB.

The flag illustrated, which is used as an advertising medium in America, is the largest ever made. It is 116 feet long and 55 feet wide. Each star is 2 feet across, and each stripe 4 feet 2 inches wide. The Union field measures 20 feet by 53 feet. The weight of the flag is approximately 450 lb., and it is, of course, too heavy to be flown in the usual manner.—[Photograph supplied by W. A. M. Stephen.]



CHAIRS THAT FAN YOU AND BRUSH FLIES AWAY.

The chairs illustrated are in the Museum of Patent Office Models in New York. The one on the left was designed by an ingenious inventor to blow air in the face of anyone sitting in it by means of a bellows; the other is fitted with a fan by which flies are flicked away from the face. Many examples of this type of invention are to be sold by the American Patent Office.—[By courtesy of the "Scientific American."]

JUPITER PLUVIUS.



THOMAS: They don't 'ave rain in 'eaven, does they?

THOMASINA: Course they does, silly! That's where it's a-comin' from, ain't it?

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

SOME of us find the newspapers especially interesting in the dull season. Literature takes the place of politics, to some extent, and the relief is welcome. Thus the *Tribune* has published an article on Dr. John Theodore Merz, the author of "A History of European Thought in the Nineteenth Century." Of this really great book two volumes have been published, and it will be completed in two more. It has obtained the recognition of men who matter, and 800 copies have been sold out of the edition of 1000. Dr. Merz, it appears, is a chemical manufacturer in the North, a successful man of business, and the chairman or director of many industrial companies. He lives on a windy hill to the west of Newcastle-on-Tyne, in a large, grey, unpretending house stored with books. Born in England, he was mainly educated in Germany, where he received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy. His German education made him closely familiar with the chief European languages. "I read English, French, and German with facility," he says. "One is just the same as the other."

Dr. Merz, after long and wide preparation, began to write his book about 1891, and the biologist, Professor Thomson, testifies that he has worked himself into the heart of the various scientific movements of the nineteenth century. He has made himself "acquainted at first hand with the many trains of reasoning by which in the separate domains of science, of practical and individual thought, such unification has been partially and successfully attempted." Dr. Merz hopes to complete his work in six or seven years. He is an intimate friend of Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, the distinguished author of "Italy and her Invaders," and Dr. Robert Spence Watson is his brother-in-law. Dr. Spence Watson is best known as a politician, but he has a profound knowledge of English literature. When a student of Professor Masson in University College he obtained the highest distinction. Drs. Hodgkin and Spence Watson are both leading members of the Society of Friends, and Dr. Merz himself is in connection with the body, though he has not taken up formal membership. There can be little doubt that Dr. Merz's achievement is one of the greatest intellectual feats of the time.

The *Standard* has published a valuable series of Beaconsfield recollections by the veteran journalist, Mr. T. E. Kebbel. Mr. Kebbel still handles the pen with undiminished power, and his work may be traced from time to time in *Blackwood* and other leading periodicals. With Disraeli he had exceptionally intimate correspondence, and though much of what he says is not new, it is interesting and authoritative, written as it is from personal knowledge. The two living personalities who knew Disraeli best are Frederick Greenwood and Mr. Kebbel. Mr. Greenwood's masterly article in the Supplement of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" sums up his judgment of the statesman and the man of letters. Mr. Kebbel mentions that Disraeli was never the typical English country gentleman. "He neither hunted nor shot, nor even tried to throw a fly upon the trout-stream which he loved. He left the game to his tenants, who supplied him

with it as he wanted it. He was naturally very popular with the farmers and with the peasantry. He liked to look in at the cottages and talk to the village matrons at their tea-time, and he remarked on the perfect good-breeding with which they would receive him. He loved the country and revelled in the warm, bright sunshine. But his heart, after all, was in London, in among the throngs of men or drinking delight of battle with his peers."

Disraeli seems to have taken little interest in contemporary literature, and once asked Mr. Kebbel if he did not think that Thackeray and Dickens had written themselves out. Mr. Kebbel oddly says that, remembering "Great Expectations," he assented. Most of us think nowadays that "Great Expectations" is one of the best things Dickens ever did, and Mr. Swinburne—to name one authority—is decidedly of that opinion. Mr. Kebbel rightly says that Disraeli was an aristocrat of aristocrats. "He had no notion of allowing political power to be divorced from the principle of birth and property. He began by being a dandy, but politics made him serious, and as he advanced on the political stage he left dandyism behind him. His dress was always in the best taste—black frock-coat, grey trousers, and well-fitting shoes on his well-shaped feet. There was one thing about which he was very particular, and that was his wig. When any Conservative member, in passing to his seat on the bench just above the front one, disturbed the arrangement of his leader's 'back hair,' there was always a little impatient gesture, and a hand hastily raised and passed round to the nape of the neck to repair the disorder, if there were any."

There is certainly a growing taste for simple and easy writing about books. It is a taste that ought to be encouraged. Even if it is based upon inferior and commonplace matter it will find its way to better and sounder stuff. I have received an American book entitled "The Gentle Reader,"

by Samuel McChord Crothers. It is published in this country by Messrs. Constable, and in America it has reached its tenth edition. It is printed in a pleasantly old-fashioned way, and the titles of the essays are good enough—for example, "The Honourable Points of Ignorance," "Quixotism," "That History Should be Readable," "Intimate Knowledge and Delight." With every desire to praise Mr. Crothers I confess to some difficulty. However, I shall quote a few sentences, and if the reader likes them he knows where to find more. Mr. Crothers says, "Let no one trouble me by attempting to elucidate 'Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came.' I do not care for a Baedeker. I prefer to lose my way. I love the darkness rather than the light." "As there are poems which are not meant to be understood, so there are poems that are not meant to be read—that is, read through. There is Keats' 'Endymion,' for instance. I have never been able to get on with it. Yet it is delightful—that is the very reason why I do not care to get on with it. Wherever I begin I feel I might as well stay where I am. It is a sweet wilderness into which the reader is introduced." o. o.



MOTHER: Whatever is this awful noise about?

TOMMY: Oh, we're only playing shipwreck, and Billy's the wind howlin' in the teeth of the gale.

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

CARLOTTA, IN "THE MORALS OF MARCUS."



MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE, WHO IS THE LEADING LADY IN THE NEW PLAY AT THE GARRICK.

Miss Carlisle, who is to take the part of Carlotta in "The Morals of Marcus," the dramatic version of "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," which is due at the Garrick to-morrow evening (30th), had considerable personal success in Mr. Nat Goodwin's recent ill-starred production of "An American Citizen."

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

PARIS BY THE SEA — AND IN THE SEA.



THE PRETTY VILLA QUARTER.



MIXED BATHING FROM BOATS.



IN THE SURF.



WHERE THE LITTLE HORSES RUN: THE CASINO.

Photographs by L. Tresca.

ICE TO COOL THE CHORUS.



LADIES OF THE CHORUS COOLING THEIR HEADS WITH ICE-BAGS DURING A RECENT REHEARSAL
IN NEW YORK.

Reduced to limpness by the hot weather, a number of New York chorus-girls recently hit upon the idea of keeping themselves cool by means of bags of "cracked" ice worn on the head during rehearsal. The experiment is said to have been most successful.

Photograph supplied by the Illustrations Bureau.

PORTIA TO HER HUSBAND'S SHYLOCK.



MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT, WHO IS APPEARING WITH MR. FORBES ROBERTSON IN
"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

Miss Gertrude Elliott (Mrs Forbes-Robertson) and her husband began their provincial tour at Manchester last Monday. They are "billed" to play Portia and Shylock respectively to-morrow evening (30th). Their repertoire includes also "Mice and Men" and "Hamlet."

Photographs by Lizzie Caswall Smith, Gainsborough Studios, Oxford Street.

BACK FROM SOUTH AFRICA—WITH THREE NEW SONGS.



MISS ADA REEVE, WHO BEGAN AN ENGAGEMENT AT THE TIVOLI LAST WEEK.

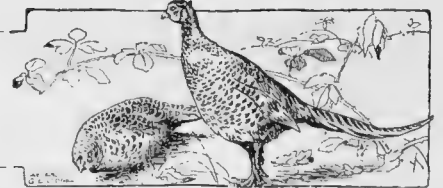
Miss Reeve had a most successful season in South Africa, whither she went to take part in the opening performances of the new variety theatre at Johannesburg. She is said to have received a fee of £5000 for the engagement of nine weeks.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.



WEEK-END PAPERS

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

*Roe deer.*

At this season many a man who is making holiday north of Tweed may be found in pursuit of deer, taking trouble and enduring discomfort in a fashion that surprises himself and friends. The tenants of big forests who are paying very heavy rental for corries that are fairly safe to yield a good result have little more than exercise between them and their heart's desire; but there are a good many shootings on which there is a chance every now and again to come within shot of red or roe deer, and this chance, though it does not come off once in two years, may give a little special flavour to an entire season. The red-deer of the Highlands is an uncertain fellow. I have looked for him all one day in vain, and met him on another coming across a public road no more than twenty yards away from me. The roe deer, on the other hand, is always elusive, and considering all he has to contend with, manages to give a very good account of himself. This is as it should be, for I am quite sure that very few people are altogether pleased to take the life of buck or doe—they look so pretty and seem so harmless. Moreover, in August the roebuck is hardly fit to eat.

Their Summer Holiday.

I think that roe deer are saved from persecution to no small extent because they are generally in the hills at a time of the year when the guns invade the moorland. They seek the high places in order to be out of the reach of the flies. In early August the roebuck sits head to wind and barks as soon as he hears a suspicious sound. If the sound should proceed from a stalker the chances are that the unfortunate man has had a long journey for nothing. The red-deer seem to recognise the roebuck's bark as surely as they recognise the crow of the cock grouse for a sign of impending danger. Happily, perhaps, for the stalker, the rutting season comes to the roe deer before August is out, and with it the nervousness of the pretty creatures departs. When the weather cools and the mists of autumn begin to assail the hill-sides, the roebuck and his family come home again to the lower lying woods, and put on their winter coats and feast upon the tops of young trees and upon rowan berries. They even venture to late-harvested turnip-fields, and grow fat and quite ready for the table, and before a new year comes the roebuck has generally discarded his antlers and is thinking about the new ones. In the winter months roe deer are fair sport for the gun, but in the severe days the man from London or the southern country has forgotten all about Scotland.

The Roe deer's Horns.

It is curious, but undeniable, that few roebuck can show really fine horn in these days of wire-fencing. When the young buck are in their first year, and carry no more than

single points, they are very mischievous, and are constantly seeking to pass from one plantation to another in search of saplings that they can damage. It is the season when they have left their mothers for the first time and are out on their own account. They have a fair measure of nervousness at this period of their life, and are readily alarmed. When they are really frightened they rush for the thickest cover. In their haste they forget all about wire-fencing,

with the result that they knock their young horns against it as they go in and out among the plantations, and bend them hopelessly out of shape so that they never recover. When one lot of horn goes and another comes on it starts awry.

His Raids upon Farm-Lands.

There are times when the roebuck will be found raiding farm-lands with impunity. Of course he comes down in very bad weather; but then the red-deer will do the same, and many a fine stag has fallen victim to a 12-bore shotgun within a hundred yards or so of a farmhouse in the depths of a bad winter. The roebuck seems to love the corn, and if he has taken a fancy to a cornfield near a wood he may be seen in the very early morning and sometimes in the evening. His keen scent and sight make him very difficult to approach, and once he is in a wood he is fairly safe, for dogs will do little more than drive him round in a circle, and he can avoid a line of beaters with a facility that is amazing. Perhaps his coat affords a considerable measure of protection in summer as in winter. Certainly it would need a very keen eye to pick out the outline of a roe deer in a wood where

pinus are thick or where birch and juniper and alder trees are planted fairly close together. I know that farmers speak ill of the roebuck, and I have seen for myself that their complaints are not without considerable justification; but for all that he is a pleasant little fellow, and adds considerably to the charm of the country-side, while his lady, for all that she may assist him in his raids, is so gracefully built that you cannot help liking her. Moreover, she is such a good and fearless mother that she must compel admiration even from foes who have suffered from her depredations. Unfortunately, they often find it necessary to shoot as well as to admire, and it must be no more than a small percentage of the roe deer that dies a natural death—whatever that may be. It is not unlikely that the deer that grow old die from starvation: they cannot search for food as the younger ones can; they have not the strength to travel far to find it, and they cannot fight for their own. Perhaps, after all, the roe deer whose career is stopped in its prime by a well-aimed and quite unexpected bullet is better off than those that linger beyond the term of their activity.



VERY LIKE A BEAST! AN ELEPHANT-LIKE DAFFODIL BULB.

A reader, Miss B. E. Castellain, writes: "Having seen the photograph of the cucumber 'Very Like a Bird' in the last number of 'The Sketch,' I have been tempted to send you the enclosed photograph of one of my daffodil bulbs inverted, representing an elephant, on the chance of your thinking it good enough to print."



A STREET SURGERY FOR ANIMALS: A LADY "VET." BANDAGING A HORSE'S LEG.

The lady "vet." shown at work in our photograph is an official Inspector of Animals in Berlin. She cycles through the streets on the look-out for animals suffering from any slight disablement, and before reporting a horse as unfit for work, examines its injuries, and, where possible, applies remedies to alleviate the pain. She carries bandages and other surgical appliances in a leather case on her bicycle.

Photograph by Hainstones, Ltd.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

BEING THE STORY OF A CANINE RAKEWELL.



I—HE STARTS BY HELPING HIMSELF.

DRAWN BY G. VERNON STOKES (WITH APOLOGIES TO THE SHADE OF HOGARTH).

THE MOST ENGLISH SE



THE BATHING - F

FROM THE PA

ASIDE PLACE IN FRANCE.



OUR AT DINARD.

INTING BY SIMONT.

TRIPS FOR THE TIRED TOWNSMAN.—IV.
IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.



LOCHLUICHART, NEAR ACHNASHEEN.

A land of streams! Some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;

And some through wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.



COULIN FOREST, ROSS-SHIRE.

The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind, And make a checker'd shadow on the ground.

Photographs by D. Whyte, Inverness. (See Second Ladies' Page.)

"THE WINTER'S TALE"—WHEN ELLEN TERRY FIRST PLAYED IN IT.

CHARLES KEAN'S PRODUCTION OF THE COMEDY AT THE PRINCESS'S IN 1856.



1. CARLOTTA LECLERCQ AS PERDITA, THE PART TO BE PLAYED BY MISS VIOLA TREE.

2. CHARLES KEAN AS LEONTES, TO BE PLAYED BY MR. CHARLES WARNER.

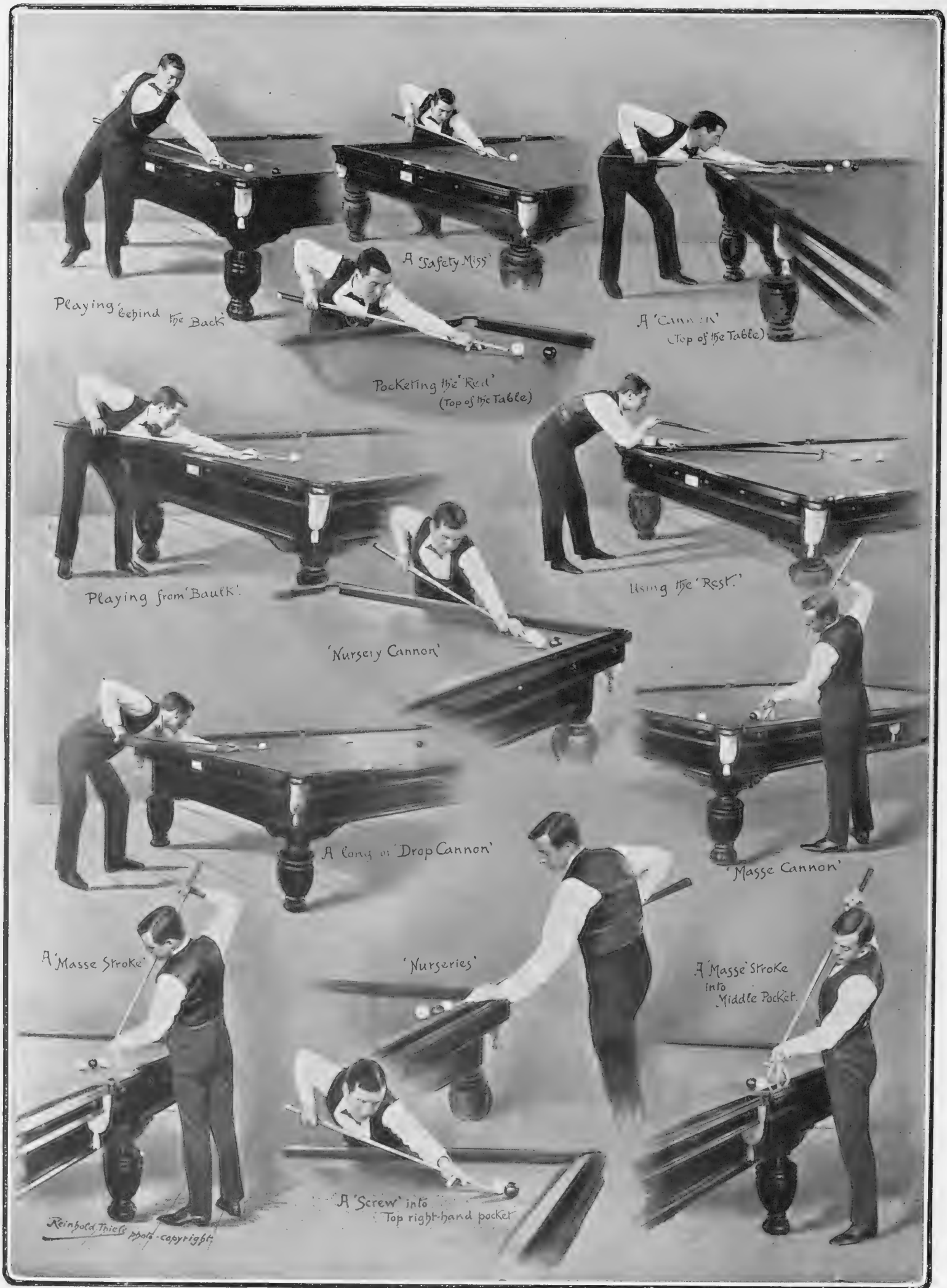
3. MISS ELLEN TERRY AS MAMILLIUS (TO BE PLAYED BY MASTER TONGE), AND CHARLES KEAN AS LEONTES.

4. MR. RYDER AS POLIXENES, TO BE PLAYED BY MR. JULIUS KNIGHT.

5. MISS HEATH AS FLORIZEL (TO BE PLAYED BY MR. BASIL GILL), AND MISS CARLOTTA LECLERCQ AS PERDITA.

In view of the fact that "The Winter's Tale" is due for presentation at His Majesty's on Saturday, the above photographs should be interesting. They are costume-portraits of certain of the actors in Charles Kean's production of the comedy in 1856, in which Miss Ellen Terry made her first appearance on any stage, as Mamillius. It should be worth noting how much the dress of the forthcoming revival differs from that worn in Kean's day.

"THE BOARD OF GREEN CLOTH."



CUE TIPS FOR THE BILLIARD-PLAYER.

Copyright Photographs by Reinhold Thiele.

LE DOMINO ROUGE, LIFE-SAVER.



THE MYSTERIOUS MASKED DANCER WHO RESCUED A BOY FROM THE SERPENTINE ON THE SATURDAY BEFORE SHE BEGAN HER ENGAGEMENT AT THE PALACE.

The masked dancer, known as "Le Domino Rouge," who is now appearing at the Palace, conceals her identity by means of a red mask, on which appears a coronet. She wears this mask outside the theatre as well as in, and this made her rescue of a lad who had fallen into the Serpentine all the more piquant. It does not fall to the lot of everyone to be saved by a masked lady. Le Domino Rouge was driving in Hyde Park, on the Saturday before her engagement at the Palace began, when she saw a boy fall into the Serpentine while changing places with his companion in a boat. She immediately jumped out of her carriage, threw off her hat, plunged into the water, effected a rescue, and then drove hurriedly back to her hotel.—[*Photograph by Bassano.*]

AN UN-EDEN APPLE!



THE YOUTH (*after biting a particularly green apple*): I wonder who the silly fopper who said that stolen apples are sweet was? He hadn't tried this tree!

DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.

BRITISH SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

(A CONTINUATION OF "THE GENTLE ART OF CATCHING THINGS.")



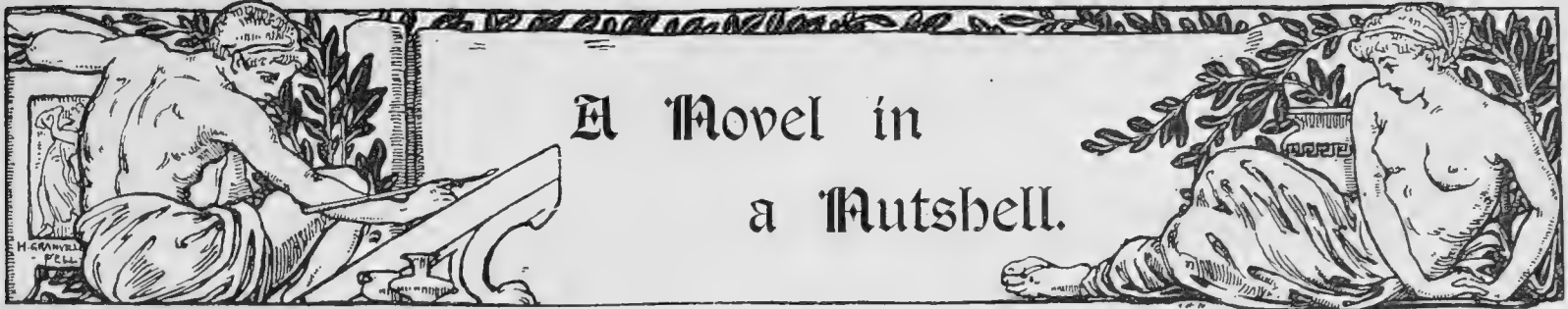
VII.—ELKING IN ERIN.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



THE CRICKET ATTITUDE — THE GREAT CROWD AT THE YORKSHIRE V. SURREY MATCH AT SHEFFIELD.

Surrey's defeat in her match with Yorkshire by 102 runs made it impossible for her to win the County Cricket championship for 1906. At the end of the game the leading counties stood: Yorkshire, 77 per cent.; Kent, 73 per cent.; Surrey, 60 per cent.—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]



A QUESTION OF SIMONY.

BY I. SACKVILLE MARTIN.

HIS Eminence the Cardinal was drunk—not hopelessly and incapably, rather benignantly and mellifluously, but still, undeniably *drunk*.

Lest anyone at the outset of this story should take exception to such a statement in reference to so high a dignitary of the Church, we make haste to say that had drunkenness been the only misdemeanour that could be laid to the charge of the worthy Cardinal Dubois—erstwhile tutor and always jackal to the Regent Philippe d'Orléans—he would have been a better man than he was.

And he had every excuse upon this particular evening for the excesses in which he had indulged. Only the preceding day he had received the long wished-for notification that the Cardinal's hat had been bestowed upon him. Through a long life he had striven to attain it; not by a life of sanctity, which he was well aware would have left him a humble Abbé all the days of his life, but by the expenditure of large sums of money, by making interest with the fair but frail ladies who in those days ruled the rulers of states, and finally, by the promise of his vote to Cardinal Conti, who was at that time the most likely successor to the Papal Chair.

The transaction was carried out. Cardinal Conti, transformed to Innocent XIII., lived to regret it and to reproach himself bitterly in that he had purchased the Papal Chair by a sort of simony. Cardinal Dubois had purchased his hat by every kind of simony that an ingenious mind could invent; but he had the advantage of his spiritual superior in that he never regretted it. He was without scruple as without shame.

He had other excuses for his intoxication in that he had but just come from one of the *petits soupers* wherein each evening the Regent forgot his cares. It had been a merry party. There had been much laughter at the Cardinal's expense. It had been pointed out to his Eminence that it was unlikely that he could say the simplest Mass. M. le Marquis de la Fare had gone so far as to bet a hundred livres on his opinion. Nothing loth, the Cardinal had taken up the bet; and his attempts, garnished with oaths at his ill-success, had kept the table in a roar for a full hour. With tears of laughter in his eyes the Regent had paid the Cardinal's bet for him, saying that it was but small recompense for the jest he had enjoyed. The Cardinal, not in the least abashed, had played his part until midnight, when, with a blessing and a hiccup, he had left the company to their own devices and had returned to his own establishment.

He sat now with an expression of infinite self-complacency upon his ferret-like features. His beady eyes glanced over the gorgeous furniture and the luxurious hangings of the room, to rest at last upon a fine painting by Watteau, wherein was displayed an amorous shepherd reclining by the side of his Phyllis with upturned eyes and encircling arm. He scanned it with approval. To his somewhat clouded brain the scene took on all the contours of reality, became a part of life itself, and his nostrils dilated and his sensual lips twitched in sympathy with the amorous youth's proceedings. He wore the scarlet cap and robe and the sapphire ring of his new state. He had held them by him some time, enjoying the pleasures of anticipation; but now it was his to wear them openly, and he gloried in the right, reflecting that of all colours he loved scarlet the best. It reminded him of the rich hue of ruby wines, of the red lips of women; of everything, in short, that it should not have done, he being a Prince of the Church. His face wreathed itself in smiles of unhallowed reminiscence.

A knock upon the door was followed by the appearance of a footman in the uniform of his Eminence's household, who bowed respectfully.

"Your Lordship—" he began.

"'Eminence,' you swine!" exclaimed the newly made Cardinal good-humouredly. "Well, what is it?"

"I beg your Eminence's pardon," said the man, with another bow. "I should not have ventured to disturb your Eminence had it not been for the extreme importunity of your Eminence's visitor. He will take no denial. I told him that it would be late before your Eminence returned. He said he would wait. I told him that your Eminence would scarcely care to transact business at such an hour. He replied that his business was of the highest moment. He awaits your Eminence's pleasure in the anteroom."

"Who is he?" said the Cardinal, irritated. "Anyone of importance?"

"Oh, no, your Eminence, no," said the man hastily. "A poor priest, I think."

"A priest, eh?" said Cardinal Dubois. "In that case we must treat him with the respect due to his cloth. Take Jacques and Henri with you and kick him downstairs and into the street. In the morning, should he return, we will have leisure to meet his wants further."

"Well, what now?" he said savagely, as the man hesitated, his face white as chalk, "what now, blockhead?"

"Your Eminence!" stammered the man. "A p-p-priest!"

"Yes, a p-p-priest," replied the Cardinal, mimicking him. "Give him one lick for his priesthood and one for his impertinence in coming here. Do not fear, idiot! I will grant you full absolution. Go!"

"Certainly, your Eminence," stammered the man. He turned to leave the room, but his master stopped him.

"Stay, man," he exclaimed, with a sudden change to a mood of hypocritical piety. "Do you seriously mean to tell me that you were about to kick a priest downstairs? Now, by our Lady, I tremble for you."

"Your Eminence's orders—," said the perplexed servant.

"True, true," said the Cardinal piously, "I do repent me. Have the fellow in here, and I will see him. We can kick him downstairs afterwards."

The man departed, glad to be rid of an unpleasant task, and shortly afterwards returned, ushering in the importunate visitor. The stranger was a short, lean man, with meagre features and narrow black eyes, which glanced about the apartment half-fearfully, and yet with a sort of uneasy confidence. The black soutane of the priest could not hide his stooping shoulders, and though he cringed at the sight of the Cardinal there was something in his manner that hinted at a hidden strength in his position. Indeed, his presence at that hour would alone have been sufficient to indicate it. He bowed very low to the Cardinal, and waited until the lacquey should leave the room.

"Well, my son," said the Cardinal indulgently, "what is your wish with me?"

The priest cast a glance at the footman, full of uneasiness.

"It is for your private ear, Father," he said. "My soul is burdened with guilt, and I have come here to confess to you."

"What!" yelled Cardinal Dubois, with an oath. "To confess! At this hour! And to me! Are you mad?"

"Your Eminence shall be judge when you have heard my confession," replied the man, with a hint of menace in his tone that was not lost upon his auditor. "But it is for your ear alone."

"Well, well," said the Cardinal carelessly, "wait outside, Louis. It is like that I may have some penance to impose upon this worthy Curé. Be in attendance if I call."

The man bowed and departed. The moment he had disappeared, the priest's countenance altered. It became more aggressive, its expression of confidence more marked, less uneasy. Nevertheless, he knelt with all outward evidence of respect and kissed the ring the Cardinal held out to him.

"Your Eminence," he said, "I am but a poor priest, but it has always been my ambition to rise in the Church. With this purpose, though a humble Curé without a parish, I managed by the aid of some economies and some good fortune in the shares of the Banque Royale to lay by a competence. I sold—not, indeed, as your Eminence did, at the height of the market—but at least before the shares became waste-paper."

"I congratulate you, my son," said the Cardinal piously.

"If I had had your Eminence's information, I might have done better," said the priest; "but even as it was, I realised something. Yet it had been better had I not done so, since the possession of even so small a sum led me into sin—the sin of simony."

"Simony!" said the Cardinal with a grin. "A sad fault, my son."

"A sad fault indeed, my Father," replied the priest; "but hear me further. It chanced that the small curacy of Château-le-Gris fell vacant. Without the money, I could not have obtained it. With it, I was able to make interest with one who secured me the position."

"Her name, my son," said the Cardinal placidly.

"I would rather withhold it, good Father."

"*Sacrebleu!*" exclaimed his Eminence. "You shall withhold nothing here. And just as your confession begins to interest me! Speak out, you dog, or as a penance I shall send you on your knees to Jerusalem."

"Perhaps it may suffice," said the priest quietly, "if I say that she was formerly mistress of the Archbishop of Cambrai."

The Cardinal chuckled. After all, the dog had wit, even though his impudence in dragging in his Eminence's former title had been patent.

"Go on, my son," he said indulgently; "which of them was it?"

"Mademoiselle Ninon, of the Opera," said the priest.

"Ah!" remarked the Cardinal thoughtfully. "And in what quarter did she make interest, my son? It is long since she had any with me."

"I cannot tell you, Father," replied the priest, "since she did not tell me. Let it suffice that she did make interest, and that by her aid I became Curé of the parish. It is this sin that lies so heavily upon my conscience."

"I cannot wonder at it," said the Cardinal. "It is a weighty sin, even had you not added to it by this intolerably dull confession, which has bored me almost to tears. However, I have devised a penance for you. From top to bottom of my staircase you shall be kicked by my grooms; and I warrant me that when the process is complete you will have other things than your conscience to trouble you."

"I were all unworthy of such a penance, good Father," replied the priest, unabashed, "seeing that your Eminence hath formerly, in your own sacred person, undergone it."

Assuredly an impudent dog! Cardinal Dubois had no difficulty in recalling an occasion when he had been kicked by the Regent; but he was amazed that his visitor had the assurance to refer to it. He himself never forgot anything, never revenged anything unless it were safe to do so. Consequently, he had never revenged himself upon the Regent, consequently he had exterminated one or two humbler folk who had witnessed the scene. In the present case he judged it best to walk warily.

"Well, well, my son," he said, after a moment's thought, "perhaps it were too high an honour, and I do not insist upon it. What penance would you yourself deem fitting?"

"If I might suggest it," said the priest, outwardly humble, but now with an unmistakable menace in his tone, "the rich Abbey of Tourville is at present without a pastor. It is a post of much care and trouble; yet, as a penance, I would fain be appointed to it."

The Cardinal paused and looked shrewdly at his visitor.

"But this is blackmail, my son," he remarked, after a time.

"I will not dispute your Eminence's word," replied the priest with mock humbleness, "since, when your Eminence hath pronounced upon a subject on which your Eminence's authority is so absolute, it would ill become me, a mere humble disciple, to do so."

The Cardinal laughed.

"Mademoiselle Ninon has been talking then?" he suggested airily.

"She hath indeed hinted something," answered the priest, still humbly.

"Upon what subject, for example?"

"She hath spoken somewhat of your Eminence's hat."

Cardinal Dubois rose and clapped his visitor on the back.

"Rise, my son," he said. "You should go far. For the present, you shall have the penance which you have desired. The Abbey of Tourville is in the gift of the Regent. We will drive straight to the palace and see him upon the matter. He will by this time be sufficiently drunk to grant you your desire. I know not how I should persuade him to it in moments of sobriety."

He chuckled and rang a small silver hand-bell which stood upon the table. The footman appeared.

"My carriage, in ten minutes," said the Cardinal abruptly. The

man, who had been expecting a very different order, started, bowed, and retired. The Cardinal noticed his involuntary start and chuckled once more.

"You will doubtless excuse me, my son," he remarked, "whilst I make a few simple preparations. Much study and pious meditation hath given me a headache, and—ahem!—something of a hiccup. I will return ere long."

He entered an inner room and bathed his temples. Then he took a sheaf of papers from a cabinet and returned to the room where the priest awaited him.

"Your name, my son?" he asked gently, seating himself at a table and preparing to write.

"Pierre Legrève, your Eminence."

His Eminence was understood to mutter some pleasantry concerning the Church which should be founded upon this rock. He wrote the name upon the paper, and then filled in certain other details. The footman reappeared.

"The carriage waits, your Eminence," he said, bowing.

Cardinal Dubois rose.

"Come then, my son," he said. "We have not far to go. Doubtless you know the palace?"

"Alas, no," said the priest; "I am but a humble country Curé, and have been in Paris but two days."

"*Corbleu!* you have wasted no time then," said his Eminence jovially. "But come."

Preceded by the footman, they took their way along the corridors and staircases of the Cardinal's mansion, and came at length to the porch by which the carriage waited. The Cardinal insisted upon his guest entering, and then, after a word to the coachman, followed him. The door shut to, and they rolled out into the night.

At so late an hour the streets were quiet, save for a few stealthy figures that roved in the shadows of the houses. The coach rumbled on over the narrow, ill-paved streets, its occupants peering from opposite windows, silent and thoughtful. Neither of them spared a thought for the misery and degradation which surrounded them. The fall of the Banque Royale, engineered from England for the sake of its own South Sea Bubble, had plunged the population in the direst poverty and distress. Suicide was frequent. The Cardinal might have been excused had he given it a thought, since it was largely owing to his instrumentality, coupled with the proceedings of that arch-robber, M. le Duc de Bourbon, that the crisis had been precipitated. But he was quite without conscience, and enjoyed the ease which that deprivation afforded him.

At length they drew up before a vast building, a massive shadow in the night. A sharp challenge by a sentry was answered by the voice of their coachman, and a moment later the carriage rolled on through a narrow stone passage into the courtyard. Four or five men-at-arms, two of whom bore torches, surrounded the door and opened it. His Eminence descended speedily, followed by the priest.

"Is this his Majesty's palace, my Father?" said the priest, looking about him, for the first time with something of apprehension.

"It is his Majesty's palace of the Bastille, my son," replied the Cardinal smoothly. "Through me, his humble instrument, he hath devised a more fitting penance for your sin than that which you have spoken of."

"Ah!" The priest looked about him, his shifty eyes glaring like those of a trapped rat. At the same moment, at a sign from the Cardinal, two of the men-at-arms seized him by the arms. He struggled like a mad thing; and even in the ruddy torchlight his face was white, and beads of sweat stood out upon his forehead.

"Let me go!" he panted. "Mercy, Lord Cardinal, mercy! I will repent. I will go away. You shall be troubled by me no more. Let me go, I say. Oh, villain! I will expose you to all the world for this. I will cry your iniquity. Oh, mercy, my Lord! I know not what I am saying. Mercy!"

Utterly oblivious of his victim's ragings, the Cardinal drew from his gown the *lettre-de-cachet* in which he had inscribed the priest's name. It bore the signature of the Marquis D'Argenson, Lieutenant-General of Police. He handed it to one of the men-at-arms.

"For secret and close confinement—you understand?" he said smoothly. "Acquaint the Governor with his Majesty's pleasure. And see to it that the prisoner is at once confined."

He turned once more to the unfortunate priest.

"Accept my blessing, my son," he said. "In this place you will doubtless have time for much prayer and meditation; and through these things will come absolution for the sin you have committed. Farewell."

But the priest did not answer. He grovelled on the ground. The Cardinal was actuated by an impulse to kick him that was only restrained by the presence of the men-at-arms. Holding his hand aloft, upon which the jewelled ring sparkled in the torchlight, he solemnly blessed the company. Then he re-entered his carriage and was driven off into the night.

Late as it was on his return, he rang for his secretary and proceeded to write a letter to the rascally Abbé Tencin, who was pulling the strings for him in Rome—

Reassure his Holiness [it ran] that for the sin of simony, touching which I hear he hath scruples, I also feel nothing but the utmost detestation—so much so that I have this night immured in the Bastille one guilty of that grievous fault, so that his soul might be saved at the expense of his body.

The letter tailed off into platitudes.

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE curtain has risen. The dramatic critics are in for a busy time, for all the theatres in the West End are opening, and in the course of the next two or three weeks the public will know which "presentations" have been written down for a long and prosperous run, and which, having undergone the ordeal by the fire of public opinion, have been so injured that they are unable to survive.

Mr. Tree has secured a fine cast for "The Winter's Tale," including Mr. Charles Warner as Leontes, Mr. Julius Knight (who has recently returned from Australia) as Polixenes, Mr. Lyn Harding as Camillo, Mr. Basil Gill as Florizel, Mr. O. B. Clarence as the Clown (the part played at the Lyceum by Mr. Joseph Anderson, Miss Mary Anderson's brother), and Mr. C. W. Somerset as Autolycus, in addition to Miss Viola Tree as Perdita and Mrs. Tree as Paulina.

It will be noticed that Mr. Tree has left behind him several members of his regular company, so that he has had to engage other actors for his provincial tour, which opens on Monday at Blackpool. Among them are Mr. Edmund Maurice, Mr. G. W. Anson, and

Miss Pauline Chase, and the four men will be represented by Mr. Allan Thomas, Mr. Lytton Grey, Mr. Charles Maude, and Mr. Ernest Cosham.

The interest which was evoked in dramatic as well as in musical circles by the announcement that Colonel Henry Mapleson had made an offer for the Coliseum, in order to establish grand opera on a permanent basis in London, will be considerably intensified by the fact that even in the event of his proposal being rejected, his scheme will not fall into abeyance. He is backed to the amount of five million francs by a group of wealthy French gentlemen and music-lovers, and he is therefore in a position to take another theatre, so that there is every hope that, thanks to his enterprise and enthusiasm, London's opera will not be limited to a few weeks in the season, but will last practically all the year round. In recognition of the artistic work Colonel Mapleson has done in the cause of music, the French Government has conferred on him the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

The English admirers of Miss Annie Russell are so many that a good deal of

interest attaches to the announcement that she has decided to play Puck in a production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which, according to the latest advices, is to be given its first performance to-morrow evening at the New Astor Theatre in New York.

After Saturday "The Girl Behind the Counter" will be withdrawn from Wyndham's, preparatory to being sent on tour with the majority of the company who are at present engaged in it. This will be the first time since he first went on the stage that Mr. Hayden Coffin has acted in the provinces. Wyndham's will then be closed until Sept. 12, when it will be reopened with "Peter's Mother."

The terrible catastrophe at Valparaiso gives what the French would call "actuality" to "The Earthquake," the new melodrama in miniature by Alicia Ramsey and Rudolph de Cordova, which will be produced at the Hippodrome on Monday. It was the natural sequence in thought to "The Flood," though it has been more directly inspired by the calamity at San Francisco, where the scene is laid. In the devastation of the city one pillar with a superimposed statue remained uninjured amid the falling debris. This will be realised, as will the tidal wave which was so conspicuous a feature in the 'Frisco disaster, and was repeated in the recent earthquake at Honolulu.

The introduction of Mr. Allan Aynesworth into the cast of "Mrs. Temple's Telegram" in place of Mr. Frank Worthing, who was unable to accept the offer made to him, is the cause of the postponement of that play at the Waldorf from next Monday to Monday, September 10. It will be preceded by a "Cockney" play, written in collaboration by Mr. Frederick Fenn (whose work is coming into such general request by reason of its sincerity, its reality, its truth, and its cleverness) and Mr. Richard Pryce. Playgoers will not need reminding that it was these two gentlemen who wrote "Op o' my Thumb" and "Saturday to Monday."



MISS ELLA GILROY, A CHARMING YOUNG AMERICAN ACTRESS WHO IS NOW VISITING LONDON.

Miss Gilroy was a member of Miss Maud Adams' "Peter Pan" company at the Empire Theatre, New York.

Photograph by Sarony.

Mr. Charles Quartermain, Miss Constance Collier, Mrs. E. H. Brooke, Miss Annie Schletter, and Miss Nora Lancaster.

Next Tuesday evening will, of necessity, be a great night for the lovers of poetic drama, for Mr. Otho Stuart has selected it for the production of Mr. Comyns Carr's four-act play, "Tristram and Iseult." The basic idea has been furnished by Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," but it need hardly be said that many incidents have been invented by the author of the Lyceum "King Arthur."

Everyone conversant with the legend of "Tristram and Iseult" knows that there are two Iseults, Iseult the Fair and Iseult of the White Hands. Both these appear in Mr. Carr's drama, the former being acted by Miss Lily Brayton, and the latter by Miss Agnes Brayton. Mr. Oscar Asche will, naturally, head the male portion of the cast as King Mark, and Mr. Matheson Lang will play Tristram. Miss Wynne Matthison will be Dame Brangwaine, and among the other members of the cast will be Mr. Charles Rock, Mr. H. R. Hignett, Mr. Herbert Grimwood, and Mr. Alfred Brydone, Miss Hutin Britton and Miss Gertrude Scott.

Mystery has been allowed to enshroud the identity of the adaptor who has converted "Triplepatte" into "Toddles" for Mr. Cyril Maude and Mr. Charles Frohman. That the secret will be kept is unlikely; but if it should not be allowed to leak out before this paragraph appears, it may be said that the adaptor is one of the best-known dramatists. Among Mr. Maude's associates will be Mr. Kenneth Douglas, Mr. Charles Maude, and Mr. Alfred Bishop. Miss Gertrude Kingston, Miss Alice Crawford, Miss Helen Ferrers, Miss Nancy Price, and Miss Lottie Venne. The play will be preceded by "The Scapegrace," arranged as a pantomime-play from "The Good-for-Nothing" by Mr. Albert Chevalier, with music by Mr. Edward Jones. Nan, a part which has been acted by all the great comedy actresses for the past half-century, will be played by



"AMASIS," AND A CAT THAT IS NOT SACRED.

Outside a curiosity shop in St. Martin's Court stands the mummy-case here shown, and the shop cat has taken a fancy to spend most of its day sitting on the head of it. The owner of the shop has given the mummy an up-to-date air by labelling it "Amasis," the reference being, of course, to the piece now running at the New Theatre.

Photograph by Halfones, Ltd.



COLONEL HENRY MAPLESON, WHO HAS OFFERED £160,000 FOR THE COLISEUM.

Colonel Mapleson has just received the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

KEY-NOTES

ONCE more the Promenade Concerts under the direction of Mr. Henry J. Wood have proved to be a most serious attraction to those who, during what is customarily called the holiday time, stay in London. At the first concert the Queen's Hall was crammed from ceiling to floor with people who desired to hear really good music played, at popular prices, by a band directed by so great a master as Mr. Wood. Of course, the proceedings opened with the National Anthem, and immediately afterwards there was given a selection from various works which have been approved of and have been made popular by the audiences who have in their holiday evenings chosen to take their vacation under the ægis of Mr. Wood's beat.

Mr. Lloyd Chandos is always welcome at these concerts, and in his interpretation of "Onaway, Awake, Beloved" he was quite at his best. Mr. Wood seems to have a passion for overtures. He gave us Rossini's Overture to "William Tell," Wagner's Overture to "Tannhäuser," and Tchaikowsky's Overture entitled "1812." We cannot altogether decry Mr. Wood's desire to give some sort of an impetus to the opera which is destined to follow a well-constructed overture; but we may be allowed to think that the overtures thus selected were not exactly appropriate to the work that followed.

Mr. Henry Wood, of course, understands his Wagner completely; and at the Queen's Hall his Wagner programme was in some respects delightful, and in other respects disappointing. We make this point rather steadfastly, because the programme contained not only the Overture to "Tannhäuser," but also the Prelude to the third act of the same opera. Now it is well known that the first movement of the third act of "Tannhäuser" was practically meant to signify the hopelessness and the forlorn feeling which came over the Pilgrim who had passed from heaven to hell, and had again resumed his pilgrimage to the earth itself. Therefore, as it seems to us, to repeat in different keys that sentiment of desire to reach to the higher things was not altogether to feel or to realise absolutely the misery and the trouble which, in an ideal case, Wagner attempted to realise in this particular frame of mind.

Among the singers who have appeared at the Queen's Hall some particular mention must be made of Miss Perceval Allen, who a few days ago sang Weber's well-known "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster." It is a very curious thing to note that Weber was content with any words which were submitted to him by an English librettist. We rather think that Miss Perceval Allen is also obsessed by the same spirit; it would be well that a singer possessed of so fine a voice and with so strong a dramatic instinct should now and then attempt to present before the public something worthy of her mettle, not so much on account of her excellent singing, but on account of her versatility.

Mr. Charles Manners is nothing if not active. Although naturally intent upon his own work, he still desires that his sentiment for national opera shall be extended to wherever the English language is spoken. It is therefore with very great interest that one learns that Mr. Charles Manners, in conjunction with the London County Council, has arranged a scheme by which English opera may be brought to some sort of really national development by the means provided by the London County Council. Mr. Manners, with his practical common-sense, has foreseen that it is the best plan to give children who are destined in the future to make

some sort of reputation an early education in their art, and for this purpose boys and girls will be told the scheme of any opera that is to be performed, and will be shown also the chief features of the music, while his invitation to his own theatre will open a distinct feeling for the as yet unopened thoughts which must necessarily become part and parcel of the work given to children who are ambitious enough to take up the idea of musical drama. The result of this trial will be watched with interest; the experiment will naturally depend upon the fact as to whether a national opera is really a possibility in England: it is clear that Mr. Charles Manners is convinced that such a possibility can be realised by our own English musicians and English interpreters of the present day. We have a great belief in Mr. Manners' theory, if only because of the fact that Wagner himself believed in the possibility of realising by means of extraordinary technique the national ideal of opera in Germany, as Weber had done before him, and as many composers had also done in that Southern Peninsula which used to be known under the title of the Land of Song.



A ROYAL MUSICIAN: PRINCE LUDWIG FERDINAND OF BAVARIA COMPOSING.

Prince Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria, whose marriage to the Infanta Paz makes him uncle to the King of Spain, is a born musician as well as a very clever doctor. He is an enthusiastic Wagnerian, like his kinsman, the late King Ludwig of Bavaria, and he is wont to take an important, though not an official, part in the control of the famous Prince Regent's Theatre at Munich, where, indeed, he has played first violin in the orchestra. Prince Louis is a great admirer of Rostand, for whose exquisite poem, "La Princesse Lointaine," he composed a score. His musical taste is extremely fine, and he laments over modern debasements of the art.

that it was her good fortune to hear two orchestral works of Sibelius conducted by himself at Liverpool. She declares that she fell under the influence of a new musical sensation, and, in her own words—"The nearer I approached to the work of Sibelius the larger it loomed, until its limitations seemed to recede into an unknown past, and stretch into an un conjectured future." We rather fear that the author of this pamphlet suffers somewhat from a desire to make heroes. She writes exceedingly well, but she should be very careful in the choice of her genius. It is easy, of course, to write superfluous words of admiration concerning the great musicians of the world, but it is difficult to lift into great positions men who have not exactly accomplished the work which was given into their hands. One quotation will be quite sufficient to show the truth of these words. Concerning the symphonic poem "Finlandia," the author ventures "to prophesy that this compact and delightful work will soon become as popular an item in our programmes as the 'Peer Gynt' Suites." For our own part, we venture to prophesy that no such thing will take place.

COMMON CHORD.



GOOD WORK BY THE MOTOR UNION—MOTOR-OBSTRUCTION A MILD OFFENCE—THE SUCCESS OF MICHELIN TYRES—A SATISFACTORY CUT-FILLING—STRANGE OMISSION OF THE MOTOR COMMISSION—WARNING AND DANGER BOARDS ROTTING AWAY—SMITH'S SPEEDOMETER PREFERRED TO THE POLICE.

THE Motor Union, to which all motorists who are not members of the Automobile Club, or a club affiliated thereto, should subscribe, continues its good work in the interests of automobilism without ceasing or looking back. Certain motorphobists have lately discovered that it is not a cheap matter to assault folk solely for the reason that they own and drive cars, although, be it noted, it is still less expensive to do this than to drive at a shade over twenty miles per hour through a police-trap set on a desolate stretch of road. For instance, the gentle soul who, driving a coach-and-four near Bromley, thought it good fun to strike Lord Royston with his whip, found that it cost him £4 12s., including costs, while for obstructing and hitting another paid £7 15s. For throwing himself in front of a car, then getting up and slashing at a lady occupant with a stick, 10s. and costs were charged another worthy.

The obstruction of motorists, however, does not appear to entail very severe punishment. In three cases just presented to me the fines did not soar above ten shillings and costs, although in one case a doctor was obstructed by a four-horse brake for a long distance. It might have been thought that the holding up of a medical man, who might have been speeding on a matter of life and death, merited a somewhat heavier punishment than this light imposition; but had the medico been driving a horse, the fine would doubtless have been heavier.

When commenting upon the recent De Dietrich victory in the Circuit des Ardennes, I failed to note that the successful car was fitted with Michelin tyres—undoubtedly a considerable factor in the triumph. But it must not be forgotten that, in addition, the second, fourth, and seventh cars were likewise shod with the productions of the great Clermont-Ferrand house. When the considerable achievements of the Michelin tyres in the Circuit de la Sarthe are recalled, it will be seen that they have more than been to the forefront in the two great races of the year.

Speaking of Michelin tyres reminds me of the wonderful, proved efficacy of the Michelin mastic for filling cuts in covers. It is good for the reason that it does actually close up and hold in to the cut under driving stress. Cuts from stones, particularly the flinty spars of the roads in the South of England, frequently penetrate to, if, indeed, they do not sever, the threads of the upper layers of fabric so that water gains access and sets

up decay; while flint-dust entering exerts a further cutting effect upon the threads. If the directions as to cleaning and the use of benzine and solution with the mastic are properly carried out, a stopping that endures a considerable period will result. It will gradually wear down into the cut, but the filling can be built up again to the surface-level.



THE CAR ANTI-MOTORISTS WOULD LIKE TO SEE IN GENERAL USE: THE EIGHT-MILES AN HOUR CLEMENT.

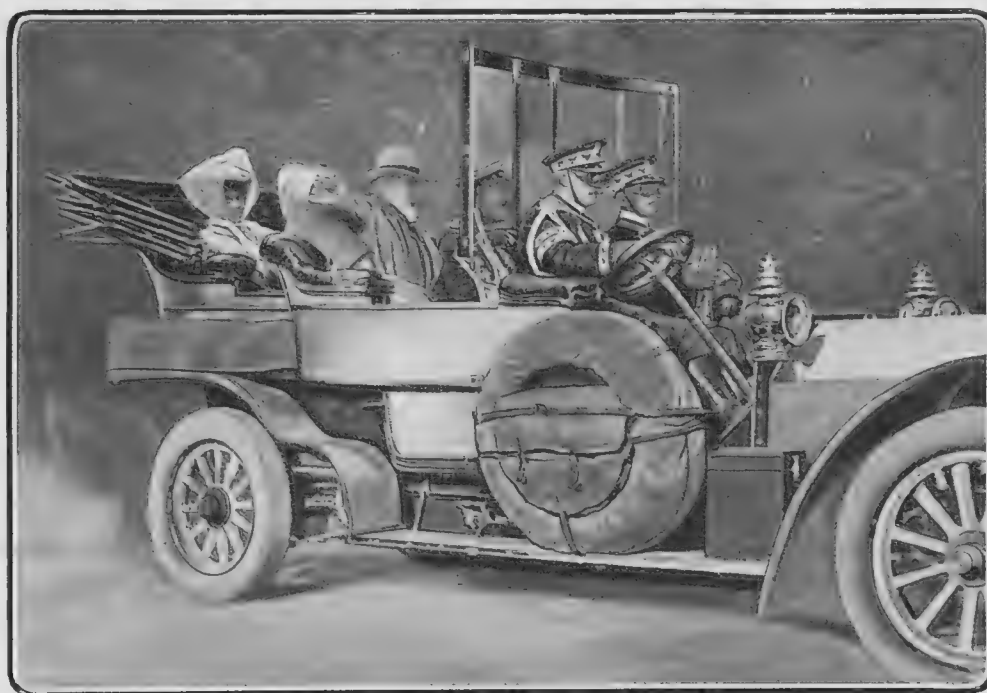
This miniature Clement, built for the use of the boy and girl shown in it, cannot exceed a speed of eight miles an hour. That is the sort of speed the anti-motorists would like to see all cars limited to.

As the Bowden Brake Company have pointed out, it is a remarkable fact that in their apparently complete and voluminous report the Royal Commission on Motor-Cars have entirely omitted any reference to, or suggested provision for, the erection and maintenance of danger and warning boards on the highways and byways of this country. It is already a known and lamented fact that the useful and valuable danger and caution boards erected by the National Cyclists' Union and the Cyclists' Touring Club singly and in combination have largely fallen into disrepair, and no steps whatsoever have been taken to restore them to a serviceable condition.

It may be asked why the N.C.U. and the C.T.C., having once set their hands to the plough, should have withdrawn from the good work; but some time ago both these bodies came to the conclusion that the responsibility of safeguarding the public roads in the interests of the public should be borne by the road authorities and no longer discharged by pseudo-private bodies. As a matter of fact, the various District and County Councils have altogether disregarded this suggestion, so that all over the country we find these useful signals falling into decay and undecipherable from rust. How differently these things are managed in France!

It is generally admitted that only in England would the police timing of motor-cars with trumpery stop-watches be accepted as

basic evidence upon which to impose heavy, disproportionate fines. Cases have been known in which this wretched testimony has been preferred to the evidence of expensive and proved speed indicators and recorders. But in Mr. Joseph Nicholson's case I am glad to note that other counsels prevailed. Driving a 60-horse power Napier, he was accused of the usual offence, twenty-eight miles per hour, while the tell-tale hand of his Smith's "Perfect" speedometer showed that at no time had he exceeded nineteen miles per hour. The Stipendiary Magistrate suggested a test of this instrument, which showed it to be correct, and he then gave it as his opinion that such a mechanical instrument was more reliable than the amateur efforts of police-officers.



"THE PEACEMAKER" AND "THE WAR-LORD" MOTORING TOGETHER: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND THE KAISER AT CRONBERG.

Both the King and the Kaiser are enthusiastic motorists, and the car was a good deal in evidence on the occasion of their recent meeting at Cronberg. Not only did automobiles convey the two monarchs and their suites from the station to the Castle, but a motor trip was taken to Homburg and the Saalburg. On this last occasion the King and the German Emperor drove the car themselves.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE COST OF RACING—THE ST. LEGER—PLAYFUL DOUBLES.

I WISH it were possible to induce the Earl of Derby to give us a detailed account of his racing expenses for a single year—I mean every item paid out in connection with his horses in

training. The document would serve a double purpose by showing the would-be owner what he may have to face in the matter of liabilities, and letting the race-going public into the secret connected with the cost of ownership. Of course, the rich man could always afford to pay away a pound to get back ten shillings if he so willed; but with the little man who starts on racing as a business speculation the case is different, and I think the time has arrived when the expenses question should be faced. The Racehorse Owners' Association will, I hope, continue to agitate until they have mastered the free-fodder and free-stabling question. Then they should attack the fee system and the question of exorbitant railway charges.

It is reassuring to be told that Keystone II. is once more in strong work. The Oaks winner is much fancied for the St. Leger, and it would be a pity if backers did not get a run for their money. Keystone II. suffered from a bad abscess in the mouth, but it has healed up nicely, although there is always the chance of its breaking out again. Keystone II. is by Persimmon, who won the St. Leger and sired a St. Leger winner in Septre. Her own brother, Diamond Jubilee, won this race, and if it be true that blood will tell, Lord Derby's filly should stay the course easily. The hope of Kingsclere is Troutbeck, who has won eight minor races, and has been beaten only in the Derby. Taking the watch for it, he can have no chance with Keystone II. I hardly know what to say about Gorgos, who may finish either first or last. He ran a great colt in the Two Thousand, but afterwards made a hole in his manners more than once, and he is evidently a horse of moods. Malua is hardly likely to capture the Doncaster classic. Indeed, on the Grand Prix running, he is held quite harmless by the French horse Storm, who is a perfect stayer and is certain to do better at Doncaster than he did at Epsom. It is a thousand pities that Black Arrow is under a cloud, as many people were anxious to see how Mr. Hall Walker's colt would act over this distance. His Majesty is to be at the meeting, and it may be that Nulli Secundus will be sent to the post. The colt would have to make up a lot of leeway to have any chance. Gingal and Beppo are held safe by others in the race, but horses such as Quair and Sancy may do better than the book gives them

credit for, as they are improving. At present the authorities on form think the race rests between Keystone II. and Troutbeck, and I am inclined to think this a successful diagnosis of the case. It will be a feather in Maher's cap if he is lucky enough to ride Lord Derby's first St. Leger winner.



A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF A CURIOUS JUMP.

Our photograph shows Mr. Walter Winans' bay gelding, Sirdar, which, by the way, took second prize in the jumping competition at the recent horse show at Worthing.

Photograph by Alan Cartwright & Co.

a penny coming in in hedging-money. So that, you see, it is possible to land the double, but very improbable, and it is no uncommon thing, I believe, on the Continent to find that, out of 7000 or 8000 tryers, no one has succeeded in finding the pea. The story is told of a Newcastle man who won £1200 on a double-event bet, and he was so anxious about the money that he and his wife went straight off to Boulogne to receive the cheque that would have reached them quicker had they remained on the banks of the coal Tyne. Several bookmakers in this country lay the double, but the

biggest in this particular line of business is Mr. Joe Thompson, who wears well, despite his years. Mr. Thompson was born in the East End of London, and he began life before the mast, but, eventually settling in Australia, he soon amassed a fortune through bookmaking and owning horses. Since his return to his native country Mr. Thompson has continued to follow his profession successfully. Occasionally—very occasionally, I should say—he has to pay out large sums over his double-event book; but it is certain he does not run this class of business for amusement only. I

am told that Llangibby and Earla Mor is a favourite double this year. Others fancied are Torpoint and Dean Swift, and The White Knight and Kaffir Chief.

CAPTAIN COE.



SHOOTING DUCK FROM A MASKED BOAT: A WILD-FOWLER IN A "SKEG"—RISING FOR A SHOT.

Our illustration shows one of the many schemes of the wild-fowler. Says the "Encyclopædia of Sport":—"Sometimes, as on the great lakes of Sweden, the bow of a boat is masked with green branches and allowed to drift slowly down into the vicinity of the fowl, till the concealed sportsmen can open their battery. . . . In America various schemes are employed to attract ducks within range, and numbers are shot from concealed boats, tubs, and artificial islands, as well as by combined boat attacks."—[Stereograph copyrighted by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.]

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IF I were asked to separate the great body of womenkind into "classified sections," I should, briefly and without irreverence, divide them into Marthas and Marys: those who are troubled—that is, interested or excited or worried—about many things, and those who take life calmly, placidly, serenely, restfully, from whatever cause, be it sublunary or supernatural. Decidedly—oh, very decidedly!—these latter have the better part; no lurid joys, no distracting griefs exalt or oppress them. Their homes are homes of rest; the ups and downs of life call only for the pleased recognition or profound resignation: never Martha's spasms of grief or soaring *joie de vivre* are theirs.

Yet for poor Martha may not a word be said? The temperamental drawback of feverish energy is hers—Nature debars her from rest. She simply cannot exist beautifully. Clothe her in a tea-gown, place her in an arm-chair with a novel, and her mind will be all the time travelling in circles to which Dante's were a trifle. Are the menus written out? Can the cook achieve that *canard à la presse*? Or, again, can ends possibly be made to meet this year with diminishing exchequer and increasing expenses? Or even—still descending socially—will two domestics be brought to do the work of three now the fiend Economy has forced a retirement from the centre to the suburbs? Truly, Martha is debarred from peace by the activities of her temperament, and those blessed with the easy-going attitude of mind can never overestimate their gifts or feel sufficiently grateful for their bestowal. "Care killed the cat," said our observant forebears, and many an epitaph to-day might truly be written—"Died

Some observation of different nationalities leads one to the belief that Martha's finest characteristics are reproduced in the busy, bustling, practical, cheerful Frenchwoman, whose able finger is in every household pie, from the flavouring of her *pot au feu* to the filling of the family purse. Temperament, tradition, and physique alike combine, and have done so for ages, to evolve a typical house-mother on this best of models from the sagacious personality of Jeannette,



A FÊTE GOWN AT TROUVILLE.

of Worry." So when one hears "She is lazy"—or indifferent, or heartless—with greater truth it might often be said, "She is blessed in being a Mary"; as when listening to tirades against the restlessness, the irritability, the fevered goings and comings of another, an irresistible excuse is found in the phrase, "Alas! poor Martha."



[Copyright.]

A SIMPLE GOWN FOR MORNINGS AT THE SEASIDE.

whose shrewd brain and capable hands play so great a part in the destinies of her nation. It only remains for Martha to show here some of the piety of Mary to counteract, at least in part, the disastrous epoch of Atheism which seems dawning for poor France.

Apropos of voyaging far afield, the universal problem in these holiday times seems how to be happy and completely equipped on the smallest possible allowance of luggage. Everybody has a taste for travelling nowadays—everybody is also, however, trying to economise. The lightness of compressed cane is undeniable, as is its smart appearance. It is expensive, but lasts for "nearly ever." Then the contents of one's boxes have to be considered. The well-cut tweed or blue serge is a *sine qua non*. Dozens of differently coloured shirts go with it. In addition, a long coat—on the Guards pattern, for choice—does service for steamers, motors, and all wrapping-up occasions. A *chic* dressing-gown of silk and lace folds up small, and is indispensable. Two restaurant frocks, one dark, the other light—say, fawn or white, with bodice of chiffon and guipure to match; to follow, a white serge frock, quite short, for walking; a couple of thin lace blouses, half-a-dozen linen ditto, and a smart muslin gown conclude an all-sufficient outfit for the ordinary four to six weeks abroad. Not to be forgotten is a plentiful change of *chic* millinery and a Casino cloak of white cloth and guipure. Armed with these, one can face all occasions cheerfully, from the Casino *bal* to the

mountain peak, while one's luggage should not cost a quail about excess to any appreciable amount.

No one, be it advisedly added, should go forth without a flask of Murray and Lanman's Florida Water. It is fragrant, refreshing, disinfecting—a quality to be reckoned with abroad—and has the added merit of being unique and impossible to imitate satisfactorily.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

MILITIA.—It is considered snobbish to use military titles unless in the Regular service. Your husband cannot be a major and a wine-merchant too. SYBIL.

The complaint of Mr. Talbot, M.P., that we allow too great liberty to known professional thieves is receiving deserved attention, in spite of the holiday season. No one, so far, has as yet suggested a satisfactory remedy. Perhaps the police know the way, but they have to tread warily; public opinion is "down on them" at present. If some of the champions of personal freedom and liberty of the subject could see the struggles which take place from day to day between the police and the black sheep, their hair, so to speak, would curl. Your professional thief keeps an elaborate diary of fixtures. He knows the date of every race-meeting, wedding, and other gathering on the area which he makes his parish. And he goes to one event each day. So do the plain-clothes police. Arrived at the town which they propose to guard, they take their stand at the railway-station, and scan every man who appears at the barriers. Not a professional thief is allowed to pass. Back they go on to the platform, to take the first train home. If they do not, off to the local police-station on a charge of loitering with intent to commit a felony. It sounds arbitrary, perhaps, but when you hear that a race-meeting or other gathering has passed off without violence or theft you may know that the plain-clothes men have been busiest. The sharps have been there; but they have been returned empty.

Someone has said that all tailors look alike. And this might be said with equal force of carriage tyres. Owners of all sorts of vehicles, believing this, are perhaps too apt to put up with any type of tyre that is recommended to their notice.

It should be said at once that though all tyres may look alike, to the critical eye they show a number of variations which are of great importance and must on no account be overlooked. Many judges are now agreed that among the carriage tyres giving the greatest satisfaction those manufactured by J. W. and T. Connolly, Limited, of King's Cross, London, N., take high place. Connolly tyres look well on the wheel; make the conveyance, whatever style it may be, look smart; give it running qualities that appeal to those who see it from the road, as well as those who are driving it; reduce vibration to a minimum, and wear exceedingly well.

"Modern Bathrooms" is the title of a handsome booklet illustrating a great variety of the famous "Standard" porcelain enameled baths and one-piece lavatories, and containing most useful advice with regard to planning and fitting the bathroom. A copy will be sent gratis and post free to anyone interested in residence construction or refitting who cares to write to the Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Company, Dept. A, 22, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., and ask for Booklet No. 1.

IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

The Highlands of Scotland afford so many opportunities of making delightful tours in some of the most beautiful country in Great Britain that it is remarkable not that many avail themselves of those opportunities, but that more do not do so. To describe even a single tour in anything like an adequate manner would take far more space than we have at our disposal. We would suggest, however, that those interested should send a card to the General Manager of the Highland Railway, Inverness, asking for a copy of the company's Tourist Programme. This is an excellent production; not only does it contain a map of Scotland, showing the Highland Railway and its communications, but it gives also full descriptions of the places the line touches, together with numerous illustrations, particulars of no fewer than seventy-four tours, and full information as to price of tickets and general arrangements.

Mr. M. Sterling McKinlay asks us to state that his memoir of Manuel Garcia is not likely to be published before next spring at the earliest, and may not be issued until the early autumn of next year. This is made necessary by Mr. McKinlay's desire to give a complete and historically correct account of the maestro's life and work.

To sprinkle a little disinfectant of some kind here and there seems to be many people's idea of perfect sanitation. That is not sufficient. The antiseptic cleanser should be in such a form that it can be used for cleansing everything. This is what is effected to perfection by Nylon, the new household cleanser, antiseptic, and disinfectant. Nylon contains valuable refined antiseptics, and only distilled water is used in its manufacture. It is a preparation which can but commend itself to all as a household requisite, and it has received the endorsement of the medical profession everywhere. It is sold in large-size bottles only, price one shilling, by chemists, stores, grocers, etc., and is manufactured solely by the Nylon Company, Store Street, London, W.C.

On Thursday next, the 30th, the enterprise of the Great Western Railway in constructing a new harbour with extensive works at Fishguard will be consummated by the inauguration of a service by the shortest sea passage between England and Ireland. The distance between Fishguard and

Rosslare is fifty-four nautical miles only, and the magnificent turbine vessels which will be placed on the service will cover this distance in about two-and-three-quarter hours. A day and night service will be given—leaving London at 8.45 a.m., arriving in Cork the same evening at 9.20 p.m., and on the shores of Killarney by 10.10 p.m. In the reverse direction, passengers can leave Killarney at 7.33 a.m., Cork at 8.30 a.m., and arrive in London at 9.55 p.m. the same evening. In addition to constituting so important a link in the new route between England and Ireland, Fishguard Bay should speedily develop into a recognised port of call for steamers from America (North and South), Australasia, and Eastern ports, bound for Liverpool or Glasgow—Fishguard Bay thus serving the same purpose for vessels proceeding to these destinations that Plymouth serves for American or other liners en route to London or to Belgian or German ports.

The Chancery Lane Safe Deposit Company announce that they have made special arrangements to meet the convenience of their clientèle for the safe custody of plate, jewellery, and other valuable property during the summer holidays and Long Vacation.



PLAYING MISS MARIE TEMPEST'S PART ON TOUR: MISS MABEL LOVE, WHO IS APPEARING AS SUZANNE IN "THE FREEDOM OF SUZANNE."

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 11.

THIS week's settlement bids fair to rival in magnitude its predecessor of nineteen days ago. Once more the Stock Exchange has had a busy August, the American and Kaffir Markets naturally being far ahead of other departments in the volume of orders transacted. But Industrials are looking up as well, and dealers in that section admit with unwonted cheerfulness that they have little or nothing to complain about, iron and coal, textiles, catering, and other commercial shares being quite active. It is good to notice, too, that business in this latter market is of the public sort, and not confined to professionals. The Cuban insurrection, the Chilean earthquakes, the Russian imbroglio, remain as so many niggers in the hedge, but their range of maleficent influence is much more circumscribed than it would have been two or three months ago, before the Stock Exchange was attracting the general attention that it is now doing.

MONETARY FEARS.

At this season of the year there is generally talk of a slight money squeeze towards the end of September, and so it is at the present time. The enormous purchases of American stocks and shares for the account of New York must mean requirements which the resources of Wall Street will be taxed to finance. Already we in London are carrying over shares bought by New York, for the simple reason that the rates on this side are at least one per cent. lower than they are over there. If it should happen to suit the books of the market manipulators in New York to start a shake-out, their first weapon would certainly be dearer money. Call-money at 10 per cent. could be trusted to bring about a sharp set-back, and some people are inclined to think that the Wall Street financiers may find themselves faced with such a rate, whether they desire it or not. After the harvest, money will begin to flow back from the interior, and normal circumstances resume their rule; but for the next few weeks the course of the Money Market cannot fail to be an anxious factor in the general situation. Let us be the last to pose as pessimists, but it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the possibilities which abound to aggravate any tendency to set back prices in the active markets.

AMERICANS IN ACTION.

To be able to measure with any attempt at accuracy the path of the American Market it would be essential to get behind the brains of the manipulators who rule the Wall Street roost with a golden rod. Over here we are, naturally, always behind America. Days there were when we governed the American Market, when New York played second fiddle, and London was the prime factor in calling the tune to which Wall Street obediently danced. Such a state of affairs has been gradually changing for a long time, until at last Throgmorton Street is little more than an annexe of Wall Street so far as American shares are concerned. The only considerations upon which we can sharpen our faculties are those which New York has considered and acted upon several hours before we can do so. Bosses postpone dividend announcements at their own discretion; money brokers arrange rates irrespective of Lombard Street charges; traffics, reports, disasters—all are known there sometimes hours before we get the news on this side. The speculator must trust fully as much to luck as to his judgment; the investor may be tempted by dividends to compare American Railways very favourably with British stocks, but he is obviously in the hands of those who can make startling announcements whichever way it suits their book. We are glad to have been consistently favourable to Unions, and still more emphatically to Atchisons, but whether the rise should still be followed or not we find it extremely difficult to say.

KAFFIR CLOUDS.

What we have been and are still waiting for is the advent of the public. There is no use mincing the matter. People decline as steadily as ever to re-enter a market in which they have been so terribly disappointed in the past. Shares go up an eighth or so, and the Stock Exchange with radiant face proclaims that the public has at last arrived! Down go the same prices on the following day, and—"The public won't come in," disconsolately growls everybody connected with the market. There has been a substantial rise from the lowest levels reached in June, and more business is being transacted, but the unfortunate part of it lies in the fact that the trade comes from professional inspiration. Still more unfortunately, this inspiration does not appear to be strong enough to keep prices good with any degree of consistency. No better means for frightening the public could be devised than that of allowing Kaffirs to slide into

their old trough of inactivity and dwindling prices. The big houses are still divided against themselves, one firm in particular achieving fresh notoriety by bear drives. Such tactics do the market no good: they are quite as much destructive of public confidence as are evidences of rapacity in the issue of shares in new Companies at inflated values. The industry may flourish like the proverbial bay-tree, but the methods of market-manipulation must be mended if it is desired that public confidence shall not be ended.

CANADA'S HARVEST.

Coming rather earlier this year, all the accounts speak of another bumper harvest in Canada, and the country's railway stocks should certainly not be sold in view of the probable traffics with which the lines will be favoured when the grain begins to move. The steady advance in Canadian Pacific shares continues to support our long-stated contention that the price of the shares will in time reach 200. As regards Grand Trunks, the outlook is, it seems to us, a little more uncertain—speaking from the market point of view, that is to say. The Third Preference and Ordinary stocks have been heavily bought by speculators in view of this abounding harvest, and it is likely enough that any spurt in prices caused by excellent traffics, or statements, will be used as a platform from which to sell the stocks. Trunk Thirds are a 4 per cent. stock, so if they received their full dividend, the yield at the present price would be a shade under 6 per cent. on the money. If 3 per cent. should be declared six months hence, as the market estimates it will be, the return would come to rather over 4 per cent. This latter is manifestly an insufficient rate to receive upon such a speculative counter as Trunk Thirds, but, of course, expectations will continually point to the full dividend being paid, and in consequence the bulls always have something to go for until the expected happens. Our own idea is that the stock will travel to about 75, which would make the Ordinary worth something over 30.

ANACONDA.

One of the features of the day is the dealing in Anaconda shares, which are inveterately tipped as being good for at least twenty dollars. From those well qualified to speak, we hear that much the same policy has been pursued in the finance of this Company as in the case of so many American railroads—that is, revenue has been poured without stint into the concern, at the expense of dividends (and shareholders), the insiders meanwhile buying up all the shares upon

which they have been able to lay quiet hands. This policy has, we are told, brought the Anaconda into a state of equipment second to no mine in the world, and the wirepullers are holders of a large proportion of the stock. Therefore the true state of the Company's position is now being allowed to become public property. Heavy increases in the dividends are rumoured, extending the analogy of the American railroad example, and the price of shares is run up in order to permit the insiders to sell at enormous profits, the prices, nevertheless, being not unreasonable if the dividend prospects and other details are true to the extent of, say, 50 per cent.

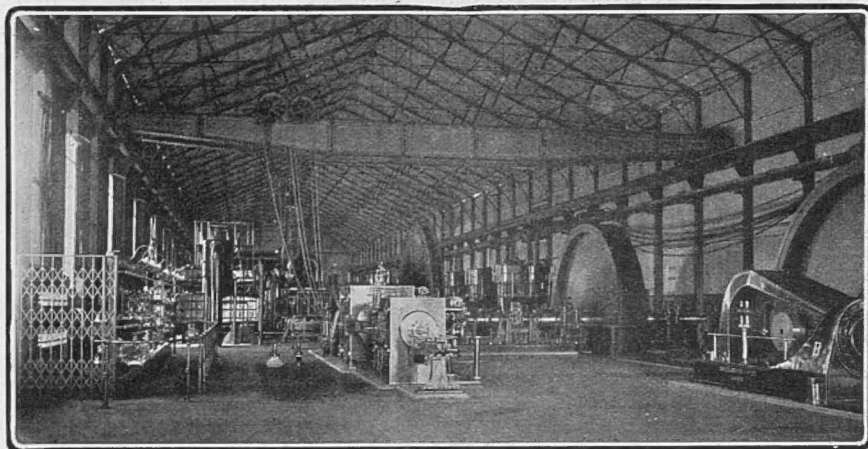
SOME IRON AND STEEL SHARES.

Activity in the iron and steel share market is a natural sequel to the remarkable progress made by the industry during the past few months. People who know how well the Companies are doing have just lately come forward with buying orders for the shares, and we believe that the market has escaped from the burden which bucket-shop puffing imposed upon it for too long a period. The circle of interest in these issues is broadening week by week, much of the support coming from the North of England, from the people who, as already suggested, know quite well what they are about. In the better tone thus displayed, Cargo Fleets are one of the prominent features, and for a brisk turn the shares are worth attention. We would not advise holding them for long; a couple of shillings a share profit, however, might easily accrue. For more permanent investment, Vickers are recommendable. The Company, as is well known, labours beneath a very large capital, which in times of trade depression makes its weight uncomfortably felt, but so long as the iron and steel business prospers, Vickers get all their share of the trade. South Durhams are another good speculative share, and, as an investment, Workington Iron 6 per cent. Preference at four-and-twenty shillings are as good an Industrial Preference share paying 5 per cent. on the money as it is possible to get.

BROKEN HILL NEWS.

Here is the conclusion of the letter from our correspondent at Broken Hill; the first part of the communication we printed last week—

One of the interesting events of the six months—and this occurred just the other day—is the striking of ore in the South's 975 ft. level. So far the ore has proved



NEW KLEINFONTEIN GOLD-MINING COMPANY: MACHINERY-ROOM.

Photograph by G. A. Watson, Johannesburg.

higher than the average grade of the mine's sulphides, especially in the matter of silver. The gangue at this lower level has turned into rhodonite and quartz, vice calcite, and the former on the Barrier even carries a higher percentage of silver. The size of the lode at the 975 ft. has yet to be proved; but taking the developments at the 825 ft. level as a guide, the 975 ft. is no flash in the pan. The South, in the writer's opinion, is the best mine on the Hill, not even second to the Proprietary, though the operations of the latter are on so much larger a scale. In Mr. W. E. Wainwright the mine has a manager of very special qualifications.

Since the beginning of the year the South Blocks has here and there additionally proved the value of the property, but attention of late has been devoted to the erection of a plant and offices. Before the end of the year the plant will be in work. An estimate gives the ore in the mine at 450,000 tons, worth 22 per cent. lead, $3\frac{1}{2}$ oz. silver, and 12.5 per cent. zinc. There are, however, considerable carbonates yet to be won.

The Proprietary, like the Central, has this year, so far, made a specialty of zinc concentration. The Zinc Corporation, too, with its plant on the British, has also produced. These three concerns are the factors in the increased output of zincs for the six months. Before long the first unit of the Proprietary's spelter plant at Port Pirie will be complete; the Sulphide Corporation's subsidiary zinc company may be expected to move in the near future; and rapid progress is being made with the erection of the Zinc Corporation's main plant. The latter Corporation is still considering the question of establishing smelting works. A Mr. A. Queneau has been appointed to report on the matter. Meantime, the Corporation has not decided on its process for the treatment of tailings. It has options over the Potter, Elmore, Cattermole, and other processes—and is watching them all. The Potter plant on the British, it must be admitted, is doing excellent work; so is the Cattermole plant on the Central and the Delprat ("Salt Cake") on the Proprietary.

Developments on Block 14 have not been numerous. The sulphide bodies generally show a tendency to widen, and the carbonates, contrary to expectation, are still plentiful. The mill, too, is improving in its work. A recovery of 63 per cent. of the lead contents of the crudes (recently attained) is satisfactory. Interest is at present centred on the 600 ft. level, where a good strike of ore would, to an extent, decide the future of the mine. Present work, however, yields a weekly profit.

The British, since it started opening out in Block 16, seems to have prospects second to few. Rich carbonates, rich friable sulphides, a plenitude of milling sulphides—what more can a mine want, except good management? And that the British certainly has. When the aerial tramway to connect Block 16 with the mill is in operation, the output of the mine will be nearly doubled.

The effects of the Junction fire have been serious. The fire caused the Junction, Junction North, and North to close down. The Junction for a time has utilised its mill to re-treat old tailings, but work has been greatly in the nature of experimental. Since the flood-waters were taken out of the mine, development work has re-started, one result being a 4 ft. lode at the 600 ft. level. But the Junction remains the Cinderella of the Barrier mines, and its fate is hidden in the mists of the future. It is a mine of possibilities—and disappointments.

Both the North and Junction North remain idle so far as production is concerned. The North may resume this month (July); but after the water is out of the mine the workings will have to be cleaned up. Since the mines have been idle the mill plants have been renovated and brought more up to date. The Junction North shaft remains a stumbling block to the property; but, anyway, until the amalgamation negotiations are decided one can say nothing about the future of either mine. Only this—that both have ore—the North to the 800 ft. level and the Junction North to the 1137 ft. level.

What has marked the half-year more than anything has been the proving of the sulphide bodies at depth, the steady improvement in recoveries, the firming of the zinc industry, and the reopening of a number of small mines to the north and south of the main line of lode. These mines are small now; they may be large by-and-by. Discarded when the carbonate zone was passed in the old days, they all have a sulphide future. Developments in the New White Leads, the Consols, Globe, North Extended, South Blocks Extended, are more than encouraging. There is every reason to expect that several of these properties will turn up trumps. It seems insane to suppose that nothing exists north of the North or south of the South Blocks. Therefore, apart from the big mines, which have added to their life by recent depth-developments, there are indications that the future of the Barrier will be profitable, both to investors and to the town.

Creeps may come, fires may again occur, the metal market may slump, but Broken Hill has shown that it can fight and gain victory over these things. And it will do so again. Improvements in methods, economies, the application of brains in special directions—these have told, and will still tell.

An estimate of the ore "in sight" in the chief mines produces the following figures—

Mine.	Tons.	Mine.	Tons.
Proprietary	2,500,000	British	1,000,000
Block 10	1,000,000	Block 14	200,000
Central	3,500,000	Junction	?
South	1,750,000	Junction North	196,000
North	600,000	South Blocks	450,000

The above is appropriately supplemented by the figures published last week, showing that the Broken Hill Proprietary Company made a profit of £232,332 for the half-year ended May 31 last, as compared with a profit of £196,959 in the corresponding period of the preceding year.

Saturday, Aug. 25, 1906.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

CRIEFF.—Of those you mention, we prefer Kleinfontein and Robinson Randfontein. We think you might add Mount Lyells, Great Fingalls, and, more as investments, Gold Fields Preference.

SEQUOR.—The West Australian is, we believe, a poor concern, and not worth touching. Mount Lyells and Lancefields are much better. Lyell Blocks we have little faith in.

J. T.—We wired on Aug. 27.

J. K.—Your letter has been answered by post.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think the Great Ebor Handicap is a good thing for Golden Measure, and other races at York may be won by the following: Clifton Plate, Guigne; Falmouth Plate, Quintet; Convivial Produce Stakes, Traviata; Duke of York Stakes, Dingwall; Harewood Handicap, St. Luke; Great Yorkshire Stakes, Newburgh; Gimcrack Stakes, Auber; Fairfield Plate, Prince William. At Gatwick the following may go close: August Handicap, Royal Lass; Tilgate Handicap, Amelia; Home Bred Plate, Chestnut Sunday; Sutton Nursery, Agnes; Kite Handicap, King Duncan; Rostrum Handicap, Missel Grove; Moderate Plate, Coatbridge; Lowfield Plate, Verra Weel.

"THE BIALYSTOK MASSACRES."

A MELODRAMA AT THE PAVILION THEATRE, IN WHITECHAPEL.

THE Mile End Road is hardly a place one would choose to visit on an August night, when mind and body are crying out for change from London air and scenes. But it chanced that town was a necessity for another few days, and at the Pavilion Theatre, the Mile End Road's finest house of entertainment, a company of singers and players was presenting a piece called "The Bialystok Massacres." Here, said the posters, you can see a revelation of the working of a "pogrom." In August a strong shock is required if the Londoner is to be thrilled. A massacre seemed likely to supply it, so I went in at the beginning of the second act.

When I reached my seat the heroine was in distress, for the villain still pursued her. I learned that in Act I. he had made a suggestion that she should save Bialystok from the approaching "pogrom" at the price usually demanded from heroines by villains. She had replied that Bialystok would rather die than live at the price of her honour, and I thought that this was a high-minded attitude that did credit to the threatened city. Now the villain, accompanied by his low-comedy servant in a rich red suit, was accusing the heroine before the Governor-General. Alas for the villain! The Governor-General spoke to the villain in terms that delighted the stalls, roused the gallery to enthusiasm, and would have thrilled me to the heart but for the fact that the drama was being presented in Yiddish, a mixture of German and Hebrew that is as Sanskrit to me. A kind stranger told me the story's plot as it unfolded itself, and I am pleased to say that when the Governor-General had rebuked the villain and had retired with the heroine—who left the court without a stain on her character—the comic servant produced a nagaika, fell upon the villain suddenly, and thrashed him soundly. How we all applauded!

The next act showed us the house of a leading Jewish merchant of Bialystok. To him came a high Russian official to announce the approaching "pogrom," and to explain that it could not be postponed on any account. Then the leading merchant summoned his family to take council with them, and the Governor-General was announced. The family rushed forward to thank him for protecting the heroine's honour, and lo! in a trice off came the white wig and the whiskers that matched it, and there stood the son of the leading merchant, young everywhere save in his eyebrows, which he had forgotten to remove, though they had been made up to match the hair and whiskers already mentioned. 'Twas an affecting scene, for it explained the benevolent attitude of a Russian Governor-General, and moved the comic servant and his low comedy fiancée to excess of emotion. One felt sure that villainy could not keep its ugly head upreared throughout five acts amid such surroundings.

Yet another act came, showing the synagogue at Bialystok, with the male worshippers on one side of the Rabbi's desk and the women on the other. Some prayers were chanted, and then the hero, who was present, advised the congregants to die fighting. The elders counselled peace, but one of the little children made a speech that roused enthusiasm all round, and the company dispersed fully decided to resist the Cossacks. Strange that for a few moments in this act one caught a glimpse through the tawdry play of the vital facts upon which it is built and seemed to see underlying the melodrama the tragedy of the life of Russian Jews.

Now the curtain rose upon the act in which the "pogrom" was to be shown in all its horror, and, in accordance with stage tradition, the first to appear before an expectant audience were the comic servant and his lady love. Massacre or picnic made no difference to them, they were going to run through life laughing all the time, and perhaps theirs, if not the only way, is the best. When they had gone, the people who had been at synagogue made their appearance armed with determination, red flags, and walking-sticks. Speeches, doubtless excellent, were made; the hero stayed to divide a special exhortation between his two sisters and the gallery, and then the front cloth rose and we gazed upon the maelstrom.

The villain had recovered from his beating, and was able to ride a charger, but, for reasons into which one need not pause to inquire, he did not seem quite at his ease upon the noble animal's back, and reached terra firma as soon as possible. A gorgeous Russian priest, attended by lesser lights of the Greek Church, came from nowhere in particular and blessed a company of grey-coated Cossacks. Jews, still armed with walking-sticks, passed furtively in the background. Then the villain fired his revolver, and in a trice the Jewish quarter was being attacked. There was a deafening noise, buildings caught fire, and corpses that seemed to bear a very suggestive resemblance to those that do duty on the fifth of November in these fortunate islands were hurled from upper rooms on to the bayonets of the brutal and infuriated Cossacks, but I was pleased to see that the hero had dragged the villain to the centre of the stage, and, undeterred by the myrmidons of a savage and inhuman bureaucracy, was giving him a serious shaking that shifted his collar and necktie.

The firing died away, the villain rolled about the centre of the stage in agony, the "pogrom" was an accomplished fact, the curtain hid a charred Jewish quarter.

There was another act, but I would not wait for that. Outside the theatre the hot pavement was trodden by dozens of poor aliens, to whom the facts of Russian rule, of which I had just seen a travesty, were real living things, and their presence brought one closer to the world of pogroms than all the sustained efforts I had so lately witnessed.